Saturday Review

of Literature

OCTOBER 16, 1948

VOL. XX
FIFTEEN

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

OCT 19 '48

SR 9/24/9R 40-7-22
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE 2YR 10/4
TENN

Douglas Southall Freeman, author of "George Washington." *(See page 10)*

Fiction's Fourth Dimension

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICAGO-BOSTON-ATLANTA-DALLAS-SAN FRANCISCO-LONDON-TORONTO-BOMBAY-CALCUTTA-MADRAS-MELBOURNE-SHANGHAI-MANILA

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

CABLE ADDRESS PACHAMAC NEW YORK — *Publishers* — TELEPHONE ALGONQUIN 4-2100

SIXTY · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

TO OUR READING PUBLIC:

We are happy to announce five new books that you will enjoy.....

Fair Havens

By B. C. JEFFERSON

Here is the romance of young Thad Harmon, who grew up with Texas around the turn of the century. It is a simple, beautiful novel of Texas pioneering — depicting the change from once-ample farm life, to hard times brought on by the wasting of the soil, to the coming of the railroad and the dramatic discovery of oil. In it you will find something of Texas starlight and skies, Texas generosity and neighborliness, and the rhythms of native American speech. $3.50

Toward an Unknown Station

By ALLAN LYON

John Lardner, columnist and *New Yorker* critic says, "Together with Mailer's book this is the best record to date of the language, the words, and idioms of the foot soldier—and the best full record of his life and state of mind." James A. Michener, author of *Tales of the South Pacific,* says that Lyon's novel is "forceful and real . . . beautifully done with a good ear for telling repetition, actual speech, and the putting forward of ideas and intellectual action . . . He writes superbly." $3.00

Voyages to the Moon

By MARJORIE NICOLSON

Lovers of science fiction, as well as those fascinated by the powerful impact of science on man's imagination, will delight in this rich study of imaginary voyages to the moon. It sweeps from Lucian to H. G. Wells, from antiquity to Orson Welles' scary Martian hoax. *Handsomely illustrated.* $4.00

An Owl in the Sun

By LESLIE KARK

The bewitching Erika made men her slaves. One of her victims was a young idealist, who met her in Dagiva, Turkey, surrounded by an international set of almost incredible decadence. He suspected that this magnetic, mysterious woman was evil. He only knew he had to have her, and sacrificed his whole happiness to get her. Here is a novel with suspense, intrigue, the flavor of exotic lands, and a strong emotional pull. By the author of *Red Rain.* $2.75

A Play of St. George

By JOHN MASEFIELD

A modern play about St. George, by the Poet Laureate of England. In modernizing the legend, Masefield portrays the Dragon as a handsome and ruthless pirate of about forty years of age. Written for the most part in blank verse, this drama of an inspiring act of faith has a moving message for our troubled century. $2.00

• • •

All these books are available at your favorite bookstore, where your book dealer will be delighted to show them to you. Drop in to see him TODAY.

CORDIALLY YOURS,

The Macmillan Company

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

October 16, 1948

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Article

PAGE

FICTION'S FOURTH DIMENSION
By Ben Ames Williams..... 8

Reviews

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Reviewed by Lyman Butterfield.....10

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SOL BLOOM
Reviewed by Robert S. Allen.....12

ANSON JONES: THE LAST PRESIDENT OF TEXAS
Reviewed by J. Frank Dobie.....12

WILLIAM WHITNEY: MODERN WARWICK
Reviewed by Margaret Clapp.....13

EARL WARREN: A GREAT AMERICAN STORY
Reviewed by Robert S. Allen.....14

NEW PATHS FOR JAPAN
Reviewed by Stuart Lillico.....15

MACARTHUR'S JAPAN
Reviewed by Bradford Smith.....15

THE GERMAN GENERALS TALK
Reviewed by David Baumgardt.....16

FROM THE HEART OF EUROPE
Reviewed by Hal Lehrman.....18

SIR AND BROTHER
Reviewed by Robert Halsband.....19

LIFE STORY
Reviewed by Catherine Meredith Brown 19

THE CLEFT ROCK
Reviewed by Graham Bates.....20

SCIENCE, SERVANT OF MAN
Reviewed by Louis Ridenour.....30

EVERYDAY MIRACLE
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....31

BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby....39

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 5

LITERARY CRYPT..... 6

LITERARY I.Q.....14

PUBLISHER'S GALLERY:
RICHARD JOHN WALSH.....16

MY CURRENT READING
By Charles Bolte.....18

EDITORIAL 21

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....25

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....26

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....29

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....34

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis.....36

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....40

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 760.....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert B. Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 42, October 16, 1948. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1948 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

OME three hundred years ago—about the time that Oxford was publishing William Pemble's *A Briefe Introduction to Geography*—Jesuit missionaries discovered a large crooked pine tree on high bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. The first white men to pass that way, they named this country at the northern tip of the lower Michigan peninsula 'L'Arbre Croche.' But not until 1874 could white men buy any of this land that was owned by the Ottawa and Chippewa. One of the first to carve a farm from the forest was Benjamin Franklin Hedrick, a Virginian with a consuming desire to subdue wild lands, who had already pioneered in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. It is of the vigorous days in Michigan that his son writes in *The Land of the Crooked Tree.*

THE LAND OF THE CROOKED TREE

is the delightfully-told story of a boy's life and all the hardships and pleasures, people and adventures that composed it. With Ulysses Prentiss Hedrick you share the bitter cold of the first winters when there was little to eat but fish, the enchantment of a long-forgotten Indian garden in the heart of the forest, the excitement of the coming of the railroad.

There are chapters on the farm and the struggle to make it productive, wild flowers and animals, the first circus, and many other aspects of life in a young community. Incidentally, the book is the most complete description to appear of the closing era of hand labor in American agriculture. Not to be forgotten are the memorable characters such as Joutel, a half-breed whose hobby was collecting farmers' almanacs, although he couldn't read a word; Father Zorn, the village priest who struggled to make Christians out of copper-skin pagans; and Chief Blackbird of the Ottawa, the postmaster, who wore a stovepipe hat and a Prince Albert coat. As Walter Havighurst said after he read it, 'It comes to life in the first chapter and stays alive to the very last.'

U. P. HEDRICK

did not stay on his father's farm, but has had a distinguished career in horticulture. In fact, he is one of the greatest horticulturists of his time and has played an important part in the development of fruit culture, particularly in Oregon and in New York State. He is known for his standard works on the fruit trees of New York, and other books including the *Cyclopedia of Hardy Fruits*, *Grapes and Wines from Home Vineyards*, and *Fruits for the Home Garden*, the latter two books published by Oxford. When, as Emeritus Director of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station, he had the leisure to look back to his boyhood, he was able to write vividly—and with some nostalgia—of the sights and sounds and smells that he knew in

THE LAND OF THE CROOKED TREE

'A delightful book.'—LOUIS BROMFIELD $4.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REMINDER

(Courtesy Mother Nature)

THE TURN of summer into fall is Nature's most poignant reminder of another year gone by.

It's a reminder that should make you think, seriously, that you yourself are a year closer to the autumn of your own particular life.

What steps have you taken . . . what plan do you have . . . for comfort and security in those later years?

You *can* have a very definite plan—one that's automatic and *sure*.

If you're on a payroll, sign up to buy U. S. Savings Bonds on the Payroll Plan, through regular deductions from your wages or salary.

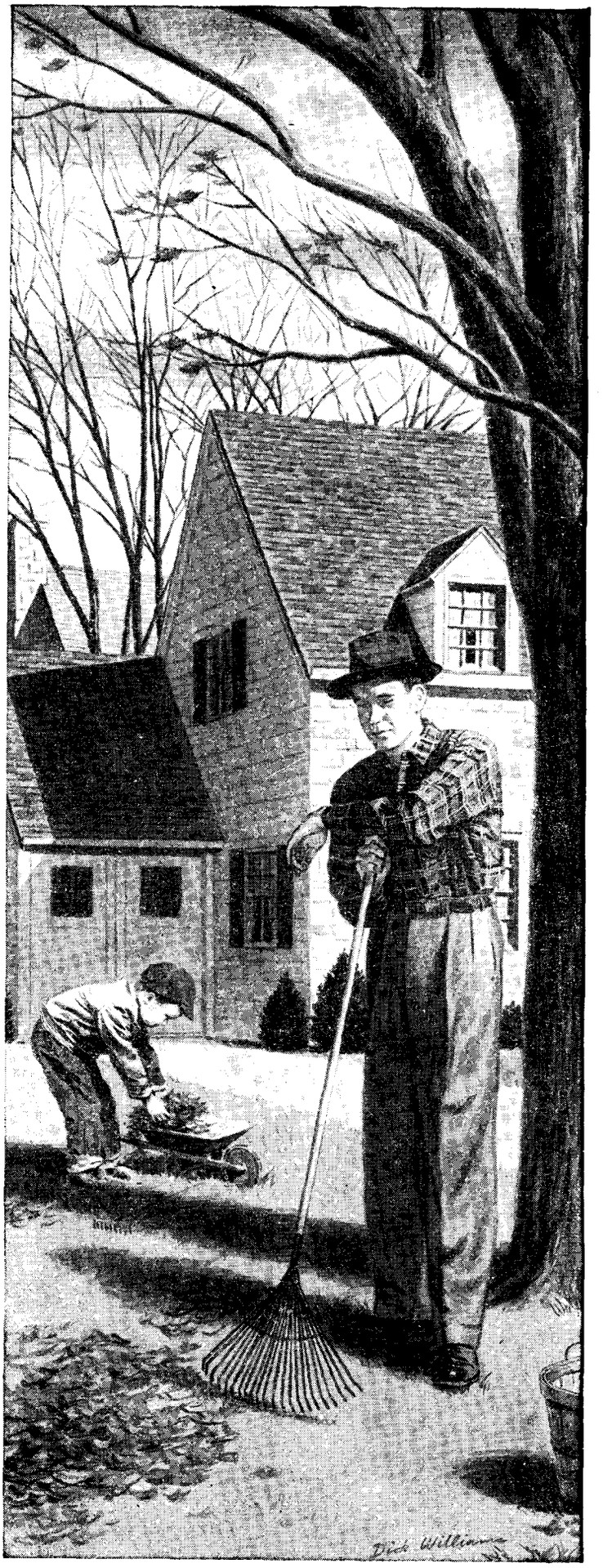
If you're not on a payroll but have a bank account, get in on the Bond-A-Month Plan for buying Bonds through regular charges to your checking account.

Do this . . . stick to it . . . and every fall will find you richer by even more than you've set aside. For your safe, sure investment in U. S. Savings will pay you back—in ten years—$100 for every $75 you've put in.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—

U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

NIVEN BUSCH WROTE a far-above-average Western a few years ago called "Duel in the Sun," a reasonable facsimile of which was made into a picture by David Selznick and exploited so recklessly that it became one of the year's biggest grossers. When Mr. Busch wrote his new novel, "The Furies," therefore, and let it be known that it was just as lurid a tale as "Duel in the Sun"—if not more so—he had every reason to believe that movie magnates would form a line outside his hacienda and fight for the privilege of purchasing the rights. He decided to let them cool their heels until publication date approached, locked his advance galleys in his strong box, and instructed his publisher, George Joel of Dial Press, to do likewise. This foiled the story department heads of the major studios completely for almost twenty-four hours. A producer waved a detailed synopsis in Busch's face to prove to him that "The Furies" had been loosed.

Mr. Busch is determined to plug the leak whereby his galley proofs were bootlegged to Hollywood almost before the presses had stopped rolling. He thinks the Authors League of America, or the Association of Motion Picture Producers, can do something about it. I don't. As long as anybody in Hollywood is willing to pay well enough for uncorrected galleys of a forthcoming book some employee in the typesetting or printing plant will find the opportunity to snag them. While the boom was on in Hollywood, and the rivalry of story editors was at white heat, the price for hijacked epics rose steadily, but now that the demand has slackened, and some of the story editors themselves are pounding the pavements looking for new jobs, the poor printer's devils may soon be sneaking from studio to studio, whispering, "Ps-s-st! Wanna buy a hot Hemingway?"

As a matter of fact, the studios have plenty of other sources to tap when authors or agents play hard to get. Major book clubs get duplicate sets of galleys long in advance of publication dates. So do services which advise booksellers what titles to stock, and how many. Key figures in these offices, according to rumor, have been on the payroll of certain studios for years.

Were it actually possible to put a stop to all this, would publishers and authors leap at the opportunity? There are two schools of thought here. One, to which Niven Busch belongs, claims that the producer who gets an exclusive look destroys the "sales pattern" and knocks down the ultimate price by "as much as $100,000." The other is convinced that the eagerness of one producer whets the appetites of others; that picture people are like boys in a college fraternity, who dismiss some pimply-faced freshman as impossible, but break their necks to pledge him as soon as two rival houses down the street go after him. So long as story editors, they say, want to play games, and resort to cloak-and-dagger tactics to get a look at scripts that would be handed them on platters a short time later, it might be wise for authors and publishers to humor them a bit. . . .

"THERE ARE TOO many books being published these days," the amiable toilers in the field of publishing will tell you—but then a lot of them turn right around and add to the total themselves. This season's output from insiders of the trade include Henry Castor's "The Spanglers" (Doubleday), Robert Linscott's "State of Mind" (Farrar, Straus), Ben Riker's "Pony Wagon Town" (Bobbs-Merrill), Saxe Commins's "Basic Writings of George Washington" (Random House), and John Cooper and Ray Healy's "Fireside Quiz Book" (Simon & Schuster). That quiz book will be a special delight to folks who pride themselves on their knowledge of the arts, current history, and linguistics. Sample questions: Why are private schools called "public" in England? What painter eloped with a nun? Where are the Everglades, the Celebes, the Doldrums, the Tundras? Who created Arsène Lupin, Sergeant Cuff, Lord Peter Wimsey, Hercule Poirot? With what historic event do you associate Cemetery Ridge, Vimy Ridge, the Tarpeian Rock, Mt. Ararat, Mt. Suribachi? Who lived at Balmoral, Malamute, Manderley, Tara, Chartwell? The quiz on "famous first lines" is really tough. It is reprinted here by permission. (Answers to all questions will be found near the end of this column.)

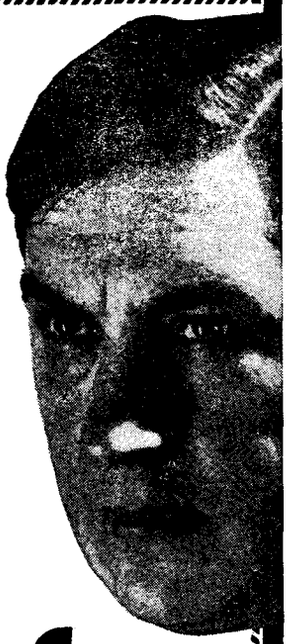
Identify the book from these opening passages:

1. All children, except one, grow up.
2. I have just returned from a visit to my landlord — the solitary neighbor that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country.
3. You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of "The Adventures of . . ." But that ain't no matter.
4. Call me Ishmael.
5. In the middle of the journey

"Dear, what in my opinion are the chief causes of inflation?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pierre Van Paassen's first novel!



HERE is the first work of fiction by the world-famous author of DAYS OF OUR YEARS and THE FORGOTTEN ALLY. The story of a 19th century family in Flanders—a proud household in which, the townsfolk said, all seven deadly sins were present in human form. Written with the mature talent for which 5 million copies of his previous works have been loved throughout the civilized world—and with the passionate love for humanity that is Van Paassen's special gift. *$3.00*

THE Tower of Terzel

By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

The first book on **Lenin, Trotsky & Stalin**

BY THE INTIMATE OF ALL THREE

BERTRAM D. WOLFE was a member of the Comintern until he resigned from the Party in 1929. With the aid of documents *never published before, he records a fascinating story of im*possible adventure and earth-shaking conflicts, which he is one of the few living men qualified to tell. *700 pages, $5.00*

Three Who Made a Revolution

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

That genius of surprise

SALVADOR DALI

reveals his secrets of technique

AS iconoclastic and entertaining as his Secret Life and Hidden Faces, this new book by one of the century's greatest technicians is filled with direct, understandable information and a full quota of the famous Dalinian anecdotes. *Size 9" x 12". 192 pages, illustrated in line color.* Limited, signed edition of 49 copies, *$50.* Regular edition, *$7.50*

50 SECRETS OF MAGIC **Craftsmanship**

By SALVADOR DALI

At all bookstores, ***THE DIAL PRESS,*** *461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16*

of our life I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost.

6. The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting. As the landscape changed from brown to green, the army awakened, and began to tremble with eagerness at the noise of rumors.

7. The fundamental and most stable feature of Russian history is the slow tempo of her development, with the economic backwardness, primitiveness of social forms, and low level of culture resulting from it.

8. It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

9. At a certain village in—which I shall not name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound.

10. On a hill by the Mississippi where Chippewas camped two generations ago, a girl stood in relief against the cornflower blue of the Northern sky. She saw no Indians now; she saw flour mills and the blinking windows of skyscrapers in Minneapolis and St. Paul. . . .

"DO QUOTE ME" . . . George Bernard Shaw told an American visitor last month, "I shall live to be 103 and shall write at least ten more plays." . . . Fred Allen, importuned to star in a picture called "The Double Life of Ezra Jones" next summer, remarked "I knew things were shaky in Hollywood, but I didn't realize they were *that* bad. It seems they're reconciled to not getting people into theatres. Now they can't seem even to get them into the lobbies!" . . . Dr. Morris Fishbein, head of the AMA, recalled one medico who wrote out a prescription in the usual legible fashion to which

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 278

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 278 will be found in the next issue.

MBPCMFPAMNF MK BNGR

MBENGAPFA AXPF

LFNHTRWCR. PTDRGA

RMFKARMF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 277

You can't hold a man down without staying down with him.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctors resort on such occasions. "The patient used it for two years as a railroad pass. Twice it got him into Radio City Music Hall and once into Ebbets Field. It came in handy as a letter from his employer to the cashier to increase his salary. And to cap the climax, his daughter played it on the piano and won a scholarship to the Curtis Music Conservatory." . . .

HERE ARE THE answers to questions from "The Fireside Quiz Book": (1) Because they are usually endowed, controlled by a board of governors, and not run for private profit. (2) Fra Lippo Lippi. (3) Swamps of Florida; islands in East Indies; area of calms at the equator; Arctic scrub lands. (4) Maurice Leblanc; Wilkie Collins; Dorothy Sayers; Agatha Christie. (5) Famous ridge held by the Union troops at Gettysburg; captured by the Canadians, April 9, 1917; from which criminals were thrown in Rome; where the Ark came to rest; where the Marines raised the flag on Iwo Jima. (6) Queen Victoria and British royal family; Dangerous Dan McGrew; Rebecca in Daphne du Maurier's novel; Scarlet O'Hara; Winston Churchill. And the first lines come from 1. "Peter and Wendy." 2. "Wuthering Heights." 3. "Huckleberry Finn." 4. "Moby Dick." 5. "The Divine Comedy." 6. "The Red Badge of Courage." 7. Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution." 8. "Pride and Prejudice." 9. "Don Quixote." 10. "Main Street." . . .

LUCY BLACK JOHNSON, keen admirer of Albert Camus's "The Plague," keeps her copy on top of the printed version of Maxwell Anderson's 1933 Pulitzer Prize play. She wants "The Plague" on "Both Your Houses."

BENNETT CERF.

Erskine Caldwell calls this "...the only novel in American literature that successfully tells the tragic and ageless story of the defeat and despair of man's estate in middle life...an extraordinary novel."

The

Midsummer Fires

by

JAMES ASWELL

A story of crisis—the crisis of one man's middle years, when he suddenly finds himself emotionally and physically impotent.
"I did not lay it aside until I had finished it . . . an adult and beautiful study."—Burton Rascoe.
$3.00 at your bookstore

MORROW

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Fiction's Fourth Dimension

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Ben Ames Williams

THERE is no such thing as a non-historical novel. Within the pages of every work of fiction rests circumstantial evidence that will reveal to the sufficiently well-informed reader the particular period during which the action occurs. It is not necessary to read that the heroine traveled by stagecoach, or rode a bicycle, or drove a car, or boarded a plane; emotional reactions and moral standards may date a novel as explicitly as hoop skirts or knee breeches, as rapiers or revolvers, as cars that must be cranked.

Because of this fourth-dimensional quality of fiction, every novel is in greater or lesser degree a contribution to history; and a novel whose entire action occurs in a single day in 1950 may prove to be a valuable source book for the historian writing in the year 2000. It will hardly give him any facts not already familiar, but it may well enlighten him about the manners and customs of people who lived in 1950.

But the adjective "historical" has come to be restricted to novels through whose pages move at least a few famous men with famous names, just as the noun "history" has come to be applied to any factual—or pseudo-factual—book of non-fiction which concerns itself with persons and incidents conspicuous in the past. There are novels whose action occurs in the dated past but in whose pages no familiar characters appear, no familiar names are mentioned, and "history" plays no part; but no one classes "Anna Karenina" or "Madame Bovary" among "historical" novels. Yet just as a novel laid in the past need not be "historical," so a novel laid in the present may be.

A historical novel deserving that honorable name seeks to present an accurate and unprejudiced picture of some phase of history; but this may be merely incidental to the novel's theme. My first long novel, as an example, was in this category. In my twenties, I rebelled at the textbooks of history because they dealt almost wholly with wars and rumors of wars; with kings, and presidents, and such exalted personages. I thought true history should record the changing way of life of the everyday individual. So this first novel of mine was written to tell the life story of an ordinary man. In order to do that adequately, I felt it necessary to follow, day by day, the events which had occurred during those years of his life which I meant to cover. This led me to read with some care the complete files of one of the Boston newspapers from 1885 to 1910, and to incorporate in the novel many references to current events likely to have interested my leading character.

THIS reading—research, if you like—had an indirect result: it revealed to me how little I knew about the history of my own lifetime. Since then, further study has shown me how little I knew about the history of my country. Yet I had had the normal number of school and college courses in history. But to pick up one of my own—or one of my children's—textbooks today is to discover that they are not only incomplete, but inaccurate, unintelligent, and—worst of all—uninteresting. It was reading historical novels which led me to read French, German, Roman, and American histories. The novels provoked in me a curiosity they did not satisfy. I began to suspect that most people today learn more about history from novels than from textbooks. Textbooks are studied on assignment, a few pages or a chapter at a time. They are read as a task; to read them is no pleasure; they are as dull as dates. But the novel is written to be read. Well done, it catches and holds the reader's attention; and it is read with eager zeal, and as rapidly as the reader's capacity permits. The reader sees—instead of a skeletonized and often disjointed narrative hung on dates—a coherent and more or less complete picture; and in many cases the interest thus provoked will lead him to further reading.

IT was my belief that—even in wartime—the lives of ordinary stay-at-home people are more important to the world than the deeds of generals and statesmen, which led me to begin at last a series of novels, each one of which would deal with life somewhere in the United States while this country was at war. I had served an apprenticeship at the business of research, since there are few pieces of fiction which can be written without seeking out some facts. Thus my first long novel required me to find out what had happened in my own lifetime; my second required me to learn as much as possible about voice culture, and each succeeding novel made new demands, which had to be met.

John Erskine, many years ago, stated the proposition that a writer's surest way to find an audience is to write of the familiar; and he proceeded to demonstrate that proposition in his own novels. But to write of the familiar has its pitfalls; for on familiar matters the reader has preconceptions, sometimes true and sometimes false. For the novelist to violate those preconceptions, whether through ignorance, or by accident, or deliberately because those preconceptions are mistaken, is to provoke in

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For its series of essays on writing as a craft,* SRL *has asked Ben Ames Williams for a personal statement of his aims and methods as an historical novelist. Mr. Williams is the author of more than thirty books, including such widely-read period pieces as "The Strange Woman" and "House Divided."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Jacket drawing by John Alan Maxwell for "Eagle in the Sky."

Not distracted by a "drip" or a "jerk."

the reader's mind a question, and hence to lose some of his attention. Herbert Spenser said the first principle of successful composition is to economize your reader's attention; so when the reader pauses to question or deny something the author has said, to that extent the author has failed.

Yet the author of the historical novel, if his work is sound, must often do just this. The American Revolution was made by the mob and the mob's leaders, and the great majority of all persons of intelligence and property were Tories, actively or passively opposing the Revolution. Yet to say this in a novel is to provoke thousands of uninformed readers to passionate and angry dissent. The careful and conscientious author must face this hurdle and surmount it if he can.

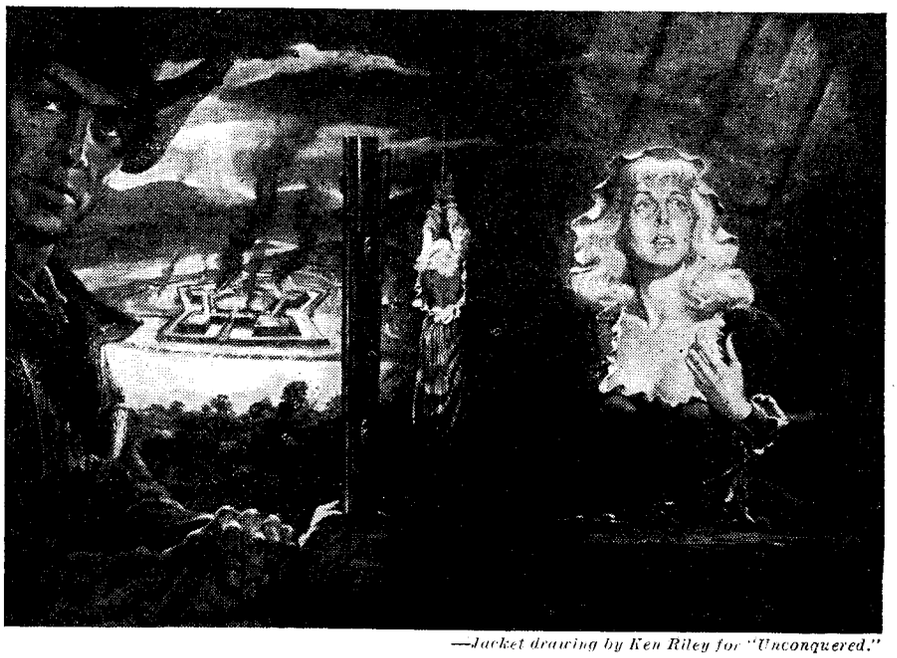
It is to enable him to do this that he pushes his study of the period with which he means to deal to the utmost lengths. An author who was willing to do so could read a school textbook of American history and write a novel about the War Between the States; and if his novel were interesting, his readers would accept his statements as facts, for few readers know the past well enough to distinguish the true from the false, and the run-of-the-mine critic is not much better informed. Yet if the novel violates truth in little things, though it may deceive the critic, it does not always deceive the reader. A novel appeared a few years ago, laid in the early nineteenth century, in which the hero loaded his flintlock rifle by ramming home a ball, then a wad, and then the powder. Critics in the leading newspapers acclaimed his accurate local color; but in spite of critical superlatives, readers recognized the novel for what it was—a fabrication based on ignorance—and ignored it with relative unanimity. The wise author realizes that he must seek to know whereof he speaks; that if he is ignorant, the reader will sense that fact.

The author, when he begins to investigate his period, may work from the present backward. He may read, first, relatively modern books, and then explore the volumes listed in their bibliographies, read as many of them as seem likely to be useful—and investigate their bibliographies in turn for further leads. Eventually he will thus arrive at what might be called "source materials": official documents, private diaries in book form or in manuscript, letters, and contemporary commentaries on the events which interest him.

But he will learn to look with a suspicious eye on all so-called sources which have been published in book form, except such publications as the official records of the War Between the States and other compendiums of original and presumably authentic documents. Published diaries—and, even more certainly—published memoirs written after the fact, have all passed through the hands of some editor, who may have let his personal opinions guide his pen. I recently prepared for re-publication Mrs. Mary Boykin Chesnut's "Diary from Dixie," one of the best published sources of private life in the South during the War of the Sixties. The original diary was edited and copied by Mrs. Chesnut herself, and she elided many passages, as for instance, those dealing with her early dislike of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, whom she later came to like and to admire. Her manuscript ran to about 400,000 words. After her death, it was edited by one of her friends, working in collaboration with a professional writer. They elided everything which would offend persons then (1905) still living, or likely to outrage what was then the prevailing sentiment in the South. Their manuscript, running to about 150,000 words, was published in 1905. I worked from Mrs. Chesnut's own edited version, plus some surviving fragments of the original diary; and I omitted some material used by the previous editors, and included masses of keenly interesting matter which they blue-penciled. The result was a manuscript of 250,000 words—which the publishers in turn found it necessary somewhat to reduce.

Thus Mrs. Chesnut's diary has been

(Continued on page 32)



—Jacket drawing by Ken Riley for "Unconquered."

"Anna Karenina" and "Madame Bovary" aren't in the same class.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History. *"Experience, alas!" wrote young George Washington stiffly in* 1758, *"evinces an opinion which I have long entertained, that there is a Destiny which has the control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature." Destiny, indeed, raised Washington to dazzling heights, but never tarnished his integrity. In Washington's person, as Saxe Commins writes in the introduction to his recent one-volume "Basic Writings of George Washington," is symbolized the growth of the nation "from a colonial dependency through the eight years of revolutionary upheaval to constitutional statehood. The national character, it can be said retrospectively, took a sharp impress from his convictions and his qualities of personality." Long slighted by biographers, the true figure of Washington now begins to emerge from the first of two volumes of Douglas Southall Freeman's great undertaking.*

A Great Figure Emerges

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A Biography. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Vols. 1 *and* 2: *Young Washington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1948. 549 *&* 464 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by L. H. BUTTERFIELD

IN Mr. Freeman's "Young Washington," the first division of a life of Washington to be completed in six volumes, we have the promise of a biography that will be adequate for its subject. No previous biography of Washington has been, even for its own time. Of the scores that have been produced, only three—those of Marshall, Irving, and Hughes—have been on the ample scale required; and that by Hughes has never been finished.

John Marshall, the official biographer, came to his task hopelessly ill-qualified for it and produced a monumental and thoroughly undistinguished compilation. His book appeared in five volumes between 1804 and 1807. That most successful of traveling booksellers, Parson Weems, could not sell these "dull and frigid" tomes; the publisher reported that only two copies had been bought beyond the 2,500 sets subscribed for (Marshall had counted on a sale of 30,000); and Albert J. Beveridge, who admired the great chief justice this side of idolatry, declared roundly that the biography was "the least satisfactory of all the labors of Marshall's life." Marshall, who had better opportunities than all his followers to gather perishable evidence about Washington's early years, totally neglected them, and served up an account of his subject's family and youth, to the time of his joining Braddock's expedition, in a couple of pages at the beginning of Volume II.

Washington Irving's "Life," which appeared just half a century later, was also in five volumes, though they were less bulky than Marshall's. Born in 1783, Irving was a namesake of the General and, as a boy, had been blessed by the President one day in a New York shop. In writing his book Irving was therefore performing an act of filial as well as patriotic tribute. Better-fashioned and incomparably better-written than its predecessor, Irving's "Washington" is moral and sentimental in the favored manner of the 1850's. More a series of tableaux than a work of critical scholarship, even according to the standards of that day, it was perfectly adapted to family and juvenile reading—a result Irving had consciously striven for. Abridged for school use and long accepted as standard, Irving's book was a powerful influence in the growth of the nineteenth-century cult of Washington worship.

In succeeding decades the features of Irving's faultless hero hardened into those of a plaster saint. The next full-scale biography was aimed as a counterblast at the idolaters. The three volumes of Rupert Hughes's "Washington," which appeared between 1926 and 1930, were part of the cultural war being waged by the forces of respectability, called by their adversaries "Babbitts" and "superpatriots," and that school of writers, led by Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken, who averred that respectability was the curse of American life. Hughes set out to expose the legends about Washington cherished by the Babbitts' wives, that is to say, the DAR, and supposedly by the school children of America. He succeeded well. Mary Ball, the recipient of so many pious tributes as Washington's "sainted" mother, was reduced to size as "a

THE AUTHOR: For twenty-five years Douglas Southall Freeman, an historian to whom others defer, has had "an adventure with the clock" that would have unstrung a Spartan. He gets up at 2:30 A.M., cooks breakfast, drives from his Georgian mansion to the *Richmond News-Leader,* which he edits, arriving at 3:30. From 4:00 until 6:55 A.M. he writes editorials—twelve weekly. An hour's research follows, and at 7:55 he is at Station WRNL, of which he is vice president, for the first of two daily, fifteen-minute broadcasts. Staff conferences are at 8:15; by 9:45 the news is digested and he dummies his pages. He reads mail and sees visitors until the 11:15 broadcast, lunches at 12:40, naps fifteen minutes, and at 2:30 P.M. tears into his biographical work. Then 5:30 tea with family and guests, dinner at 6:30—"music and a grand time until 7:30 or 8:00, when, like an old rooster, I curl up and go to sleep." "Newspaper work," he explains, "is just writing in the sand. I knew if I wanted to do anything that would be preserved it would have to be books." His monuments are assured: the four-volume "Robert E. Lee," awarded a Pulitzer in 1934, six volumes on George Washington to be completed in 1952, "The South to Posterity," "The Last Parade," "Lee's Lieutenants," and "Virginia—A Gentle Dominion." In 1912 his "Reports on Virginia Taxation" was published—an outgrowth of articles he did for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* after taking his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins in 1908. "Lee's Dispatches," soon after, built up his authority nationally on military operations. In his study hangs a letter from a great, great grandfather—the first U.S. Army chaplain—to George Washington, asking for horses. G.W. replied that he didn't have enough himself. Dewey will win, Dr. Freeman predicts, "and for my part I would rather swallow some things I don't like so as to maintain the two-party system." He sees much to hearten one today. Quoting Lee, "It's history that teaches us to hope."

—R. G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Washington . . . "a young giant."

very human, cantankerous old lady," who cadged money for her irritated son and who smoked a pipe. The myths and forgeries respecting Washington's religious practices were discredited by scientific examination of the evidence. Scholars at once accepted Hughes's findings, and the public at large by now had done so, though its feeling at first is typified by a verse written at the time of the Bicentennial:

Let others echo Rupert Hughes
And mix us motes and beams—
The anecdotes that I peruse
Were told by Parson Weems.
Above iconoclastic views
That little hatchet gleams!
"I cannot tell a lie!" I choose
The Washington of Weems.

Despite its merits, Hughes's book is highly unsatisfactory after twenty years' wear. A diligent searcher in the sources and monographs for material to refute conventional views, he was anything but an objective or, in the best sense, a critical biographer. His irreverence is sometimes more tasteless that effective, and his style is journalistically short-winded. But he cleared the atmosphere and prepared the way.

Mr. Freeman's "Washington" is projected on the grand scale he has taught us to expect from him. It exceeds in design his "Lee" and is comparable to Sandburg's or Randall's "Lincoln." (Here one may ask, but may not stay for an answer, why Lincoln has had several inadequate biographies, and Washington none.) Volume I, in twelve chapters and ten appendices, covers the social and family background, the birth, early training, and friends, and the first two or three years of Washington's career as a frontier soldier, specifically to his resignation in 1754 from the Virginia service because a reorganization of that service had lowered his rank. Volume II, in twenty-one chapters and three appendices, covers four years, 1754-58, of almost continuous service on the frontier, the climactic incidents being the two expeditions against Fort Duquesne under Generals Braddock and Forbes, respectively. Volume I is mingled narrative and exposition, with the latter predominant. A single chapter of nearly 120 pages is devoted to an account, in the classic manner of Macaulay or Henry Adams, of "Virginia during the Youth of Washington"; and the first appendix, running to over sixty pages, is a monograph on the Fairfax family's Northern Neck Proprietary, that *"imperium in imperio"* which, as Mr. Freeman demonstrates, shaped so markedly young Washington's outlook and career, impelling him to the West and fixing his faith in the land. Volume II is very largely narrative, though in the chapter on Washington's courtship there is a long and absorbing account of the legal entanglements, fifty years in growth, in which Martha Dandridge Custis's estate was involved when she accepted his hand.

The bane of all students of Washington has always been the vast mass of material that has been available, not only in the hundreds of serried volumes of the first President's papers now in the Library of Congress, but in scattered groups, large and small, of manuscripts reposing in scores of archives and collections in this country and abroad. To these might be added the ever-growing number of special studies of Washington, his contemporaries, and his period. In Marshall's or Irving's time the task of digesting the sources was at least comparatively simple, yet they staggered and cried out under what they considered a cruel burden. Since then whole libraries of Washingtoniana have grown up, and bibliographies divide the Washington literature into numberless alphabetical subheadings, such as "Headquarters," "Homes," "Horses," and even "Humor." In his approach to this gigantic problem, Mr. Freeman has marshaled his resources like a general planning a great campaign. Making use of microfilm and photostats, which are to the contemporary scholar what mobile weapons are to the contemporary general, he and his assistants have examined afresh all the old sources, no matter how far afield, have found and utilized some important new ones, and have combed the vast corpus of printed documentation for the period. If a similar coverage of the sources for the wider stages of Washington's later career can be maintained, then indeed it may be said that Mr. Freeman will have fulfilled (to borrow a phrase he has used here of young Washington) "the quenchless ambition of an ordered mind."

The Washington that emerges from these closely packed and meticulously documented pages, however different from the youthful hero of the legends, will not be unfamiliar to readers of his writings as brought together in the Bicentennial Edition. It would be vain to attempt to summarize the biographer's own masterly summary of "The Man and His Training at Twenty-Seven," which concludes the present work. Physically a young giant, socially still a little awkward, though admiring and studious of the graces of an aristocratic society, wonderfully hard-headed in business matters, a proved and respected commander but somewhat over-zealous in the matter of his own rank and prerequisites, Washington in 1758 had been well if not perfectly schooled for a greater task that lay ahead. To one of the several "deficiencies" in Washington at this time or later would have been a better man if he had been personally more devout. His code, as Professor Morison ably pointed out in a bicentennial address, was a Christian stoicism shared by other aristocratic Virginians, including Jefferson. It is epitomized in two lines from Addison's play, "Cato," one of the few literary works we know Washington admired:

'Tis not in Mortals to command
Success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,
we'll deserve it.

"Young Washington" will remain for a long time to come the historian's history of the important events it covers. It will be most interesting to see whether the public at large will read it as enthusiastically as it has read "Lee" and "Lee's Lieutenants." The events in this book are farther away, and there are necessarily arid stretches in the chapters on Washington's monotonous frontier command. The story therefore often plods, but from it emerges a great figure, for the first time thoroughly, clearly and faithfully delineated.

—Photos courtesy Washington & Lee University.

Martha Custis . . . "entanglements."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Posies to Foreign Policies

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SOL BLOOM. By Sol Bloom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 345 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

SOL BLOOM'S autobiography, like the man himself, is very human and very ingratiating. It is not a "great" autobiography, in the classic sense. The author makes no pretense of that, just as he has never professed to be a "statesman." He is a decent and kindly person, and his book is a mellow and very readable account of his long and colorful life.

In its way, it has been a remarkable life; more than just another version of the traditional American rags-to-riches saga. "The little Jew boy" from south of the slot in San Francisco, as Sol describes himself, who sold violets in front of Lotta's fountain at the age of seven and in his twenties was the impressario of "Little Egypt" (grandmother of the "kooch" dancers), amassed not only money. He also rose to be chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee throughout the epic period of World War II. Today, Sol is still the ranking Democratic member of that powerful committee.

But whether selling violets, admission tickets, music, real estate, or Rooseveltian foreign policies, Sol always has been himself. With the lowly or the high-placed, in patched pants or "tails," he has never posed at being other than what he is. That in itself is a unique feat, and at seventy-eight he can justly take the modest pride he does in achieving it. All along the way, he made friends and in retrospect he looks back with pleasure and satisfaction, and decides that life has been good to him.

How many living today will be able to say the same when they reach seventy-eight?

Sol tells his story with characteristic charity and humor. In all of these pages there is not one word of bitterness, malice, or harsh criticism. He pokes fun at himself, and analyzes frankly his motives. There have been more spectacular memoirs in the last few years, but none more engaging.

The San Francisco part of Sol's story is in many ways the most interesting. It is a sort of history of the theatre and of the Golden Gate metropolis in its gaudiest days. David Belasco hired Sol for a walk-on part in "Under the Gaslight" at fifty cents a week, and, incidentally, somehow failed to pay him. Sol knew David Warfield, Edwin Booth, James O'Neill, and other greats of that bygone world. At the age of fifteen, he achieved the dazzling success of a job as assistant treasurer of a new theatre, in charge of the box-office. Being "short, skinny, and beardless," he attired himself in a satin-faced Prince Albert and the highest gates-ajar collar he could find, to make himself appear more imposing.

"It occurs to me now," Sol relates, "that some of the patrons of the Alcazar might have come chiefly to look at me in the box-office."

The Washington years add little to the annals of the war period. Sol does give us, however, one bit of untold history. He reveals how he stopped an unnamed weak-kneed House member from changing his vote on extension of the draft three months before Pearl Harbor. The Congressman had voted aye, but wanted to change. Sol forcibly detained him in the lobby until it was too late. The bill was carried by one vote.

Amiably, Sol corrects one old story about him. This was that he originally wangled a place on the Foreign Affairs Committee in order to be asked to parties at foreign embassies. Sol says he did not know he was to be put on the Committee and, at the start, was annoyed when it happened.

Sol records that his deepest satisfactions have come from opportunities his position gave him to do things for others. But there was one man he could not help. He was Charles Evans Hughes. The late Chief Justice once said to Sol, "You have something I wish I had. Everybody calls you Sol." Then, fingering his white whiskers, Hughes added: "Maybe these things keep people from getting close enough to call me by my first name. I'd be very happy if I knew how to get my friends to address me as Charlie."

Sol comments: "I felt sorry for Mr. Hughes, but I was unable to suggest anything. I loved him, but though I knew him for many years I felt it was quite audacious of me even to think of him as Charlie."

"In patched pants or 'tails' Sol Bloom has never posed."

Architect of Annexation

ANSON JONES: THE LAST PRESIDENT OF TEXAS. By Herbert Gambrell. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1948. 462 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by J. FRANK DOBIE

ON the fifth day of January 1858 Anson Jones, who as Secretary of State for the Republic of Texas and then as the Republic's last president had been "the architect of annexation," registered at the Old Capitol Hotel in Houston. When he first knew the building it was the capitol of the Republic; he was at that time a potent and therefore, courted man. Now he was discredited, "old and tired and unspeakably weary." He was in his sixtieth year and was talking about a new career. In other years he had walked here with Grayson, and Collingsworth and Childress and Rusk—all big men then, all dead now, and by their own hands.

To a friend who sat with him that night, he said, "My public career began in this house, and I have been thinking it might close here."

They found Anson Jones next morning with a bullet through his head.

Thus ends the most artfully written biography that Texas has yet produced. Herbert Gambrell does not say so; his mastery of implication and his reliance upon intelligence to comprehend unlabeled subtleties make it unnecessary for him to say so—but Texas in the days of Doctor Anson Jones and of rawhide-tough Sam Houston was a harsh world for sensitive natures. It still is—but that is another story.

Although he did not have a provincial mind, Anson Jones was on the large stage of history a provincial figure. He neither made nor effectively met historical changes. He was of secondary importance even in Texas history. Nevertheless, this biography is important. It is infused with a larger comprehension than that behind many a biography of many a world-compeller. With a skill more common in good fiction than in good history, Mr. Gam-

(*Continued on page* 38)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Americans Made Fortunes

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY: Modern Warwick. By Mark D. Hirsch. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 622 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MARGARET CLAPP

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, millionaire through his own labors as well as through marriage, turfman, patron of grand opera, traction magnate, and astute guide of New York Democrats, was equally potent, in the late nineteenth century, in business, political, and social circles. Educated at Yale and Harvard Law School, he came to New York in 1864, at the age of twenty-three, to make his fortune. In so doing, he was like thousands of other young men. But unlike many of them, he knew from the start precisely what he wanted—the pleasures of political power and of money; and unlike most of them, he got what he sought.

The young lawyer's first big opportunity came with his appointment as Corporation Counsel of New York in 1875, a position which he received after shifting from the reformist Apollo Hall Democracy to Tammany in the heyday of "Honest John" Kelly. In that capacity he served the city with admirable honesty and ability for seven years. Then he became an incorporator and the presiding genius of the New York Cable Railway Company, but just when large financial returns were in sight, he was invited into Cleveland's cabinet as Secretary of the Navy.

Whitney accepted and devoted himself to the delicate task of overcoming apathy toward and fear of Naval strength. As a result, he reversed the post-Civil War policy of neglecting the Navy. Thanks largely to him (and to the Treasury surplus), a steel fleet was begun and American industry was encouraged to learn how to build and equip American ships, without which the path of empire might not have been so smooth. Thereafter, Whitney elected to remain a private citizen, though he was offered a choice of any office at the President's disposal in the second Cleveland Administration. He continued as a skilful leader of the Democratic Party, however, until his battle to block free silver and Bryan ended in defeat; his traction interests continued to multiply, and his enjoyment of rich living lasted to the end.

Anyone interested in how Americans made fortunes in the late nineteenth century will find fascinating the tale in "William C. Whitney: Modern Warwick" of Whitney's development of surface transportation in New York City. Dr. Hirsch presents a detailed account of Whitney's tough practicality, his business vision and courage, his capacity to select able assistants and give them freedom to grow that confirms and sharpens our picture of the successful businessman. He gives, also, without praising or damning, evidence of the monopolistic goal, the political deals, and the corporation juggling that were accepted parts of Whitney's world.

Yet this biography, appropriately issued in Allan Nevins's American Political Leaders Series, is primarily concerned with Whitney's political life from 1870 to 1896. Here, Whitney's relations with New York bosses, his success in founding our modern Navy, and his decisive, behind-the-scenes leadership in returning Cleveland to the White House in 1893 have special importance and interest, because of the wealth of fresh material which Dr. Hirsch has assembled.

Dr. Hirsch seems to judge Whitney as a reformer more kindly than he does others—than Samuel J. Tilden, for example, who is condemned as a cautious latecomer and a devious traveler on the rocky road to reform. That is probably true of Tilden, but from Dr. Hirsch's evidence it seems equally probable that Whitney hardly went far enough on that particular road to know much of its rocky nature. He gave efficient, economical, honest service to city and national government, but he never damned patronage, nor did he fail to work cooperatively with disreputable bosses when it suited his purposes. Indeed, on the local level, Whitney might be charged with political opportunism.

Nevertheless, what matters is that Dr. Hirsch has written not only an accurate, complete narrative of Whitney's noteworthy rise to power in the Democratic Party and the business world, but in the process has added considerably to our knowledge of the period and of the often mentioned but rarely documented relation of petty local bosses to large national issues.

Margaret Clapp, author of last year's Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, "Forgotten First Citizen: John Bigelow," teaches history at Brooklyn College.

William C. Whitney "knew from the start what he wanted."

Earl Warren "would never rest content even with the Budget Bureau."

Ideal Liaison

EARL WARREN: A Great American Story. By Irving Stone. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1948. 172 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

THIS is another political "quickie." It is heavily larded with campaign treacle, which is to be expected, plus a lot of naivete, which is most unexpected from a writer of Irving Stone's reputation and experience.

Books of this kind are a never-ending mystery. No one has ever yet satisfactorily explained exactly what purpose they serve, whom they are intended for, or why publishers issue them, particularly in these days of stratospheric production costs. Such tracts shed no light on their subjects, are invariably hackishly written, and have neither popular nor select appeal. There isn't a vote in a carload of them. The only apparent explanation is that someone is willing to subsidize them, under the delusion that they are effective electioneering fodder. That's anyone's privilege, of course, but it does seem a waste of money.

Earl Warren is undoubtedly a notch or two above the average state gov-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernor. But this fact, in itself, raises questions which the author leaves unanswered. For example: As district attorney, Warren found a way to put an end to the grafting machinations of a sheriff in his area. Warren sent him to jail. But as governor, and candidate for Vice President on the Republican ticket, Warren has been strangely silent regarding strikingly similar activities by a high California official. For the type of paragon portrayed so effusively by Mr. Stone, this quiescence is very odd. It would be natural to assume that Warren would act with dispatch and determination in this case. But he hasn't yet.

From start to finish, there is no word in Stone's book to indicate the nature of the forces that rule the economic life of California. There is nothing about the giant corporations and combines that are the real masters of the state. Stone pictures Warren's administration as a golden era of good feeling in which no great battles occurred and no bitter enmities were engendered. In limning this picture, Mr. Stone reveals a great deal more than he probably realizes about his hero with the sunny smile. For fierce battles have been fought against corporate power in California during Warren's regime. But not by him.

One of these battles is over control of the fabulously rich tidewater oil resources. This conflict has been raging for ten years between the Federal Government, backed by the U. S. Supreme Court, and the oil companies, upheld by the state government. Warren, as state attorney general and governor, has been a leader against the Federal Government. The author passingly mentions this fact but gives no hint of its far-reaching significance.

This significance far transcends merely California. It is nationwide. There is more than a suspicion that tidelands oil money and inspiration are behind the Dixiecrat movement. All the ringleaders of this so-called "states'-rights revolt" are militant foes of Federal control of this great national resource.

One of the most interesting portions of Mr. Stone's book is his discussion of how a useful and active place can be found for a Vice President. This is where the author's naivete displays itself so strikingly.

The sort of man the author pictures Warren to be would never rest content even with the Budget Bureau and the procurement agencies under his control. The question arises, what will Thomas E. Dewey, that other great state administrator and former district attorney, be doing as President of the United States while his Vice President controls the purse strings of the Federal Government?

Mr. Stone argues cheerily that a Vice President "who was popular with the Senate, over which he presides, could serve as the ideal liaison between the Legislative and the Executive, because he could bring the problems and requests of the Senate to the Cabinet and the problems and requests of the Cabinet to the Senate. This dual capacity would inevitably bring him considerable influence with the cabinet."

How much Mr. Stone has to learn! And how little he knows about United States history, very recent history.

Jack Garner sat in the Roosevelt Cabinet for years and was as popular as any Vice President can hope to be in the Senate. Roosevelt called on the Texan for help on Capitol Hill, and got it for a while. But when Garner developed opinions of his own about New Deal policies, this "liaison" broke down quickly and resoundingly. The same thing will happen in a Dewey Administration.

No President worth his salt is going to let his Vice President exercise any real power—no matter how willing and capable the latter may be, how popular in Congress, or what airy promises may have been made before election. Mr. Dewey, being the kind of man he is, will retain full control of *all* the reins. Warren will be no more than a glorified lobbyist for the White House, and he will be permitted to do no more than rake leaves. Also, this is not likely to distress anyone except Warren.

He should be put on notice that despite his many engaging qualities and virtues, the thoroughly American story of his life, and his charming and ingratiating family, nothing short of a funeral in the White House will bring him anything resembling authority or importance in the next Administration.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE BIBLE, OR SHAKESPEARE, OR POPE?

Virginia Mahoney, of Berkeley, Calif., offers a mixture of familiar quotations taken from the three sources indicated above. Can you name the source correctly? Allowing three points for each right answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. A continuous dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.
2. All that glisters is not gold.
3. A man after his own heart.
4. An honest man's the noblest work of God.
5. As the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
5. Beauty draws us with a single hair.
7. But man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority. . . .
8. Clothed, and in his right mind.
9. The course of true love never did run smooth.
10. The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
11. For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
12. He that dies pays all debts.
13. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
14. How are the mighty fallen!
15. I have been a stranger in a strange land.
16. In the multitude of counselors there is safety.
17. It is a wise father that knows his own child.
18. It is twice blest: It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
19. Let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we shall die.
20. Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind sees God in clouds.
21. Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.
22. Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
23. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
24. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
25. O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?
26. O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.
27. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.
28. So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
29. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.
30. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.
31. There were giants in the earth in those days.
32. To err is human, to forgive divine.
33. Where there is no vision the people perish.
34. Why, then the world's mine oyster.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World.

Three years after the surrender of Japan, the Allied occupation is at last receiving critical attention from competent writers. We review here two surveys of modern Japan, one British, one American. To these should be added Helen Mears's equally competent but more controversial "Mirror for Americans—Japan" (SRL *Sept. 18*). . . . *Russell Brines, chief of Tokyo bureau, Associated Press, and author of "MacArthur's Japan (see below), was a Pacific correspondent before the war, was interned for twenty-two months by the Japanese, and on repatriation wrote "Until They Eat Stones," a study of Japan's wartime empire. Returning to the Philippines with MacArthur, Brines subsequently covered much of the Pacific war, witnessed the surrender ceremonies on board the* Missouri, *and was one of the first Americans to enter Tokyo. He has been in Japan since the first day of occupation.*

Behind Nippon's Enigmatic Career

NEW PATHS FOR JAPAN. By Harold Wakefield. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

THE spectacular nature of modern warfare frequently obscures the national character of the antagonists. That has been true of American understanding of Japan; in many ways our knowledge of that country today is inferior to what it was half a century ago. A solid little book by Harold Wakefield, issued under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations and the Royal Institute of International Affairs, reminds us of some solid facts behind Japan's enigmatic career.

"New Paths for Japan" is not recommended for light reading. It cannot be skimmed through in an hour or two with any profit. It is worth reading only if you are prepared to give some careful thought to the facts it presents. In those circumstances, the book is invaluable.

Early in 1945, the Royal Institute of International Affairs published "Japan in Defeat," a survey based on a series of expert discussions in anticipation of the surrender. It tried to set the Japanese scene into a longer-term perspective, with proper attention to the cultural and economic factors that were likely to extend into the postwar world. Few copies ever reached the United States, however, and the book is now out of print.

"New Paths for Japan" is based on the earlier work, minus some now irrelevant material and with new chapters to cover developments since VJ Day. It is not made clear just how much of the writing was done by Mr. Wakefield, and whether the conclusions are his own or those of the group of unidentified experts. Neither is there any information on the author himself. This reviewer must admit that Wakefield's name is new to him.

Regardless of this obscurity, however, the result is excellent. Obviously, Wakefield (or his experts) thinks well of the Nipponese, but at no point does he let this interfere with a scholarly attitude. He has studied the record—both historical and contemporary—carefully. He doesn't hesitate to speak when he feels that one of his sources has gone off the deep end.

His opening survey of Japan's basic characteristics is brief but meaty. It covers such diverse factors as the Emperor, education, the use of terror, Japanese women, and the economics of prewar Nippon. Even were there no section on the war and occupation, the first one hundred pages would rate as a valuable study of how and why Japan went to war.

Part II may be just a shade less permanent in value, but it is no less useful today. Wakefield traces important trends in politics, economic theory, the Emperor's position, and half a dozen other lines from Pearl Harbor until the summer of 1947. Unfortunately, the installation of Tetsu Katayama as Japan's first Socialist Premier in 1947 was something of a dividing line in postwar Nippon. The general reversal of trends that followed upset scores of "experts." It is evidence of Wakefield's capability that his analysis stood up remarkably well under the shift.

"New Paths for Japan" (a particularly inappropriate title, incidentally) is an excellent summary of Nippon's rise and fall as a modern empire. The important events are there. The protagonists are named. The extraneous details are avoided. The result is a solid body of fact on a subject that all too often is handled as an exercise in emotional writing.

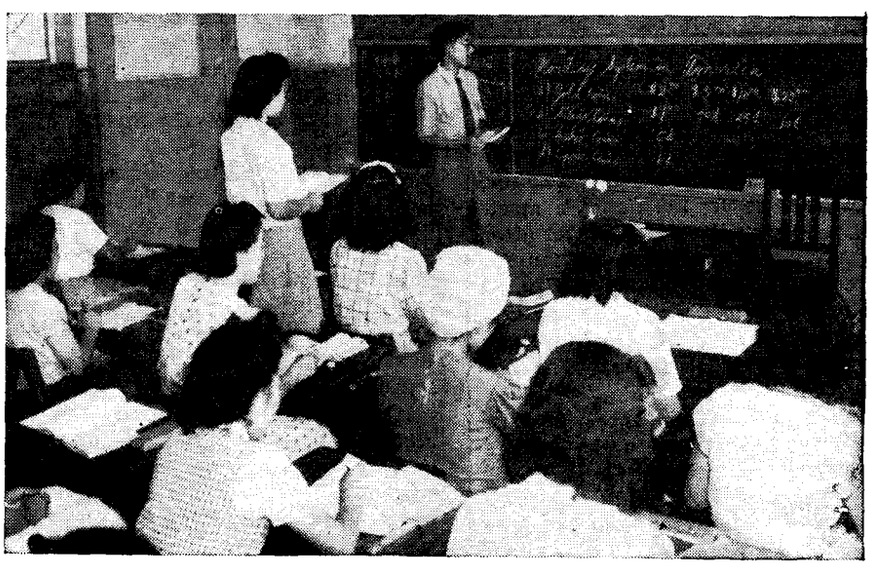
Directing an Evolution

MacARTHUR'S JAPAN. By Russell Brines. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 315 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

MR. BRINES has written the best book to date on our occupation of Japan. In every aspect of the occupation which he takes up he shows a commendable knowledge of the Japanese past, a keen reportorial mind, a good eye for illuminating detail, and, above all, a balanced judgment.

An AP correspondent assigned to Tokyo both before and after the war, Mr. Brines falls into none of the errors so common among writers on Japan. He neither overvalues Japan's



—*Acme.*

Training school for maids . . . "an American affair."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publisher's Gallery

XVI: Richard John Walsh

"THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR" on The John Day Company's first list in 1926 forecast the good neighborliness the house named for a famous sixteenth-century English firm would foster. But its president-founder Richard John Walsh's real interest in American-Oriental friendship came after he discovered Pearl Buck, whose "The Good Earth" he published in 1931. Since their marriage four years later, through his offices and hers in the East & West Association adjoining, they have welcomed numberless Pacific visitors anxious to know America. He is chairman of the India League of America, president of the American committee for Chinese mass education, a toiler for Puerto Rican freedom. "This naturally leads us into a good many books about Oriental peoples," he says, "but actually we publish more with the word 'American' in the title." "On Being an American," the most recent, is by one of his heroes —William O. Douglas.

He is Kansas-born and Harvard-educated, has written "one or two fiction stories that were bad—very bad . . . sóme verse, *not* poetry—just jingles," is primarily an editor. In 1922 he topped *Collier's* masthead, from 1933-46 *Asia*'s, after writing *Judge*'s editorials for six years. He is chairman of the *United Nations World* editorial board. Much of his spare time for three years was spent editing "The Adventures of Marco Polo" for the modern reader and supplying current place names for the famous route—part of which he has retread.

Except for a day and a half each week in New York, he works in fully-equipped offices on his Bucks County farm. He keeps busy.—R.G.

historic past nor is he ignorant of it. He keeps his eye on the object instead of talking about himself. And he neither sentimentalizes nor abhors the Japanese—a fact which, in view of his own experiences during internment in the Philippines (which he never once mentions), is itself a guarantee of the informed impartiality which distinguishes the book.

Impartial, yet never dull. That, when you consider the controversial nature of the subject, is quite an achievement. For of the many thousand Americans who have spent some time in Japan since the war, it would be hard to find any who do not either hate MacArthur or worship him. Yet Mr. Brines manages to create a portrait both sympathetic and critical. Perhaps this is because he has sense enough to know that a great man can be both stagey and sincere, can keep a staff of subservient nonentities and at the same time plan and direct a complete evolution of Japanese life.

The shape and progress of that evolution make up the greater part of the book. Mr. Brines reports on the reforms in politics, the rise of labor unions, the breakup of the monopolies, the Communist threat, rural emancipation, revamping the schools, and the essential economic dilemma which faces Japan—and us too, since we are now responsible for Japan's welfare in one of those master ironies of war which forces us to rehabilitate the enemy in order to avoid being pulled down ourselves. An Allied occupation chiefly in name, the management of Japan is an American affair. MacArthur has transformed Japan into an American beachhead against Soviet Russia, says Mr. Brines.

How firm is that beachhead?

MacArthur's problem has been to destroy the old alliance of militarists, monopolists, and bureaucrats so that the Japanese people could at least breathe an air that would support democracy. Yet he has had to be careful not to go too far, lest the Communists take over a people politically immature.

Lying behind the whole problem is the essentially, and inescapably, shaky nature of the Japanese economy—inadequate raw materials, excessive population. War-weary, the Japanese have done little to rehabilitate themselves. A healthy Japan is a necessity to us, yet the Japanese lack the resources to create economic health.

It is evident, says Mr. Brines, that all Korea is lost to Communism or, at best, faces civil war. Though he does not say so, it is equally evident that in the long run the battle between the Russian and American ideologies will involve greater stakes and greater populations in Asia than in Europe. Yet how many Americans know what we are doing in Japan today against this approaching event?

Japan is perhaps the clearest illustration of the American dilemma—how to avoid supporting reactionaries in our struggle against Communism, how to maintain democratic liberties without inviting our own destruction. An unusually thoughtful Japanese friend wrote me recently from Tokyo: "Most of the Japanese people feel that the democratic revolution is ended. They identify it with materialism. They are looking now to Communism to supply them with spiritual leadership."

To meet that challenge demands the steady vigilance of all the American people. A good beginning would be to read Russell Brines on Japan.

No Party-Line Nazis

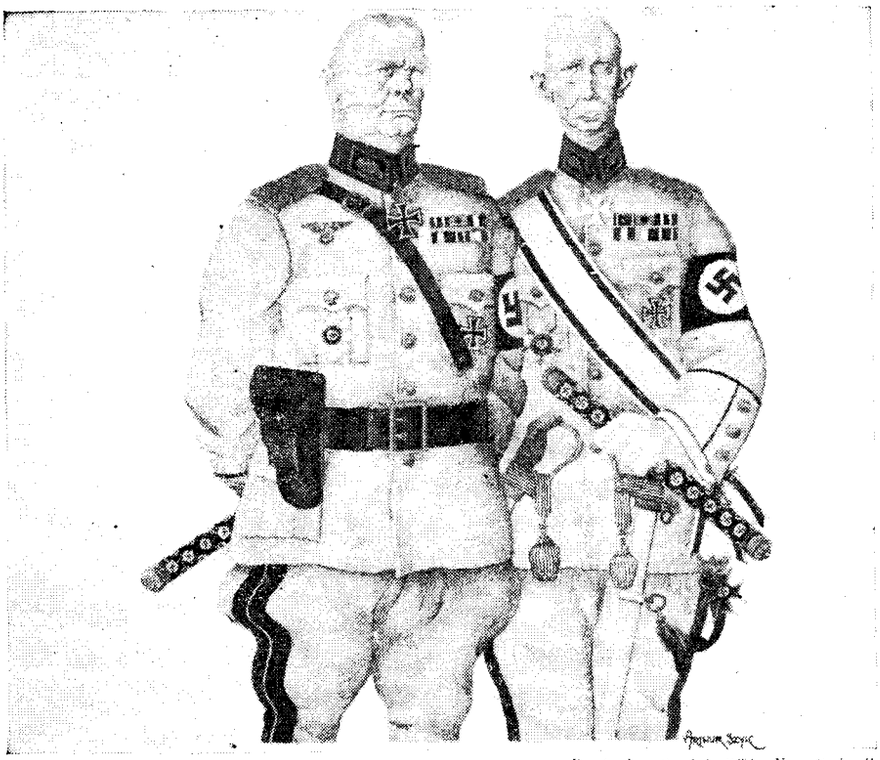
THE GERMAN GENERALS TALK. By B. H. Liddell Hart. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 308 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DAVID BAUMGARDT

IT is, probably, not a matter of chance that the Germans generally use an English term for the characterization of a certain basic human attitude: the term *fair*. Certainly Captain Liddell Hart played fair with his German professional military colleagues in this report of their talks with him. But does not perhaps his very fairness imply unfairness to all those who many years before the Second World War foresaw that the majority of the leaders of the German Army presented a greater menace to the peace of Europe than even the Nazis could ever have been, without the support given to Hitler and Goering by the German officer corps?

Among those German generals whom Captain Liddell Hart interviewed there were apparently no dyed-in-the-wool, party-line Nazis. His report might have been more instructive if there had been; it might have had something newer in it. For the Germans certainly told their English comrade-in-arms quite a lot of things which he and we knew beforehand. Practically all of us were aware that Germany's enforced disarmament between 1919 and 1933 freed her army from many obsolete weapons which tended to bind France and England to obsolete war methods and to an overestimation of their strength. A fair number of other military, tactical, and strategic observations of the book are of not too vital interest either, as far as the general reader is concerned. Even the story of Hitler's campaign against Russia does not give much new information; and the same applies

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—By Arthur Szyk in "The New Order."

High Command

to such details as the German assurances that Stalingrad could have been taken without a fight in July, 1942, and that even after the defeat at Stalingrad, the German collapse could have been avoided by strategic withdrawals and "elastic defence" if, throughout the war, Hitler had not obstinately adhered to his maxim, "No retreat!"

It is, however, illuminating to learn from the lips of one of the greatest English authorities that it was the second especially disastrous loss of Tobruk which had helped to win the British war in North Africa. For the lack of supplies captured in Tobruk held the Germans back for too long a time in too exposed a position. As important is the more general lesson drawn from the report of the German generals that one can afford many a strategic blunder in modern warfare if one has only men and material enough in reserve.

We have heard many reports of a strange inhibition of Hitler's in his fight against England. Perhaps the most interesting point in the Liddell Hart book is that these reports are frequently confirmed in the talk of the German generals. In Europe, in Malta, Cyprus, and Africa, Hitler, his admirals, and his generals hesitated to attack the English with full and sustained vigor. They all overrated, they even seemed to wish to overrate the military strength of the British, especially in the weeks after Dunkirk. Obviously Hitler's comparatively friendly racial esteem for the English was, to a considerable extent, sincere. His hatred of the "Bolshevistic Jews," however, his determination to "blow up the Kremlin," was so frantic and blind that, without any scruples he threw overboard all the warnings and the accurate information given him by his able military attaché in Moscow and later in the Russian war by his intelligence service. If one likes to indulge in such desperate speculations, one may, therefore, conclude from Liddell Hart's book again that Hitler failed mainly in consequence of his relatively "idealistic" lack of ruthlessness towards the Aryan English; while in his beastly hatred of the Jews he succeeded only too well.

Generally, as soon as Liddell Hart goes over from military to political or psychological and sociological questions, his inferences from the reports of the German generals are of a rather alarming naivete. He obviously believes everything they told him about the high morale of the German soldier in the Second World War, his "military enthusiasm," and his "confidence of victory" up to the final collapse. There seemed to me too many letters and diaries written by the German rank and file, even by Nazis, during the last war which speak a rather different language, at least from 1942 on. It is certainly true that Socialistic and pacifist ideas weakened the German fighting front in the last years of the First World War, as the German generals, following the pattern of Hitler's and their own propaganda, said with exaggerated emphasis. But, at the beginning of the First World War, the "military enthusiasm" of the German soldier was certainly much firmer and more balanced than the fanaticism of 1939 and 1940; and in both wars the stiff resistance put up till the last months before the complete defeat was due to many other factors than "confidence of victory." I find strangely inadequate the few pages which Liddell Hart dedicates to the exploration of German morale and to the description of "the soulless indifference" as well as the idealistic fervor of the Russian soldier.

Liddell Hart's most "original" interpretation of the facts is, however, much lower in the scale than merely inadequate, when he suggests "that it is historically false to charge the Wehrmacht with having assisted Hitler in his coming into power. The facts point to the contrary." It seems to me a mere verbal quibble when the Englishman says "a considerable number of officers were favorably disposed toward Hitler's rise" but they were by no means "instrumental in aiding his arrival in power." History will insist, I am sure, that without the definite backing by leaders of the Wehrmacht such as Blomberg, Reichenau, and, not to be forgotten, President and Generalfeldmarschall Hindenburg, Hitler could never have landed in the *Reichskanzlei*. An army does not need to shoot to be "instrumental in aiding" a demagogue who is thought to be the army's best possible chance for taking over political power and imbuing the masses with "military enthusiasm."

Captain Liddell Hart concludes his eulogy on "the German generals of this war" with the observation that they "were the best-finished product of their profession—anywhere." He tells us: "They could have been better if their outlook had been wider and their understanding deeper. But if they had become philosophers they would have ceased to be soldiers." In the interest of the professional army officer, one should urgently hope that this observation of Liddell Hart is entirely incorrect. If it were to the point, one should ardently wish that there were infinitely more philosophers and no soldiers at all in our disquieted world of today.

Dr. David Baumgardt, consultant at the Library of Congress, was professor of philosophy at the universities of Berlin and Birmingham.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. B. 2. S. 3. B. 4. P. 5. P. 6. P. 7. S. 8. B. 9. S. 10. P. 11. P. 12. S. 13. P. 14. B. 15. B. 16. B. 17. S. 18. S. 19. B. 20. P. 21. B. 22. P. 23. S. 24. B. 25. P. 26. S. 27. B. 28. S. 29. B. 30. B. 31. B. 32. P. 33. B. 34. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventures Among the Dispossessed

FROM THE HEART OF EUROPE. By F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 194 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAL LEHRMAN

THIS is the sensitive record of a Harvard professor's intellectual adventures in 1947 Middle Europe. Dr. Matthiessen kept a constant journal of his encounters with the European mind while lecturing at Salzburg's experimental Seminar in American Studies, Prague's ancient Charles University, and on excursions to Budapest and other capitals. Some of his "graduate" students matriculated from the anti-Nazi underground or from Nazi concentration camps. In his Austrian classroom a Spanish Loyalist sits near an ex-Luftwaffe pilot; at Prague the professor from Cambridge discusses Whitman, "Moby Dick," and our latest poets with earnest Czechs who are working at grim speed to make up for seven years lost to the German Occupation. Dr. Matthiessen records their views, hopes, and doubts about American thought and America's role in a troubled world, and also sets forth his own.

The many pages of purely literary criticism, while authoritative and stimulating, are unlikely to engage the general reader. They might perhaps have been better left to a separate and entirely technical study. It is Dr. Matthiessen's broad sympathy for people and his knack of getting to the bottom of them in an economical amount of space which make his book rich in portraits of the multisided European personality. And it is his highly controversial account of the spiritual struggle now convulsing "the heart of Europe" (and our own) which makes his book provocative and important.

Dr. Matthiessen feels strongly "the responsibility of the intellectual . . . to speak as fully and fearlessly as he can." Accordingly, he gives a preponderantly favorable report on the state of freedom and progress in Soviet-dominated Europe. Now such a report may be courageous because unpopular, but this does not make it accurate. Under the same impulse of intellectual responsibility, this reviewer must point out that the author went abroad burdened with certain monumental prejudices and brought them home with him unshaken.

The dignity of the human individual is Dr. Matthiessen's essential concern as a liberal. He correctly notes that political freedom, by itself inadequate, should be balanced by economic freedom in order to guarantee such dignity. But he begins and ends his trip without learning, either from contemporary history or his own experience, that the "economic freedom" offered by the totalitarian Left is the greatest menace in the world today to the individual dignity he cherishes.

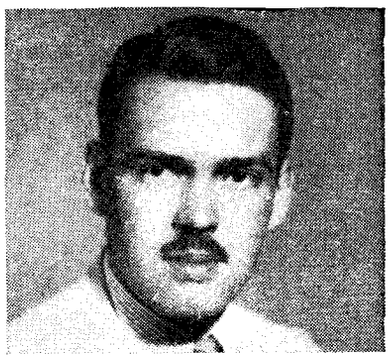
Thus he sturdily declares at the outset that he accepts "the Russian Revolution as the most progressive event of our century." Though admitting some imperfections in the Soviet performance, he rejects (and gently despises) men like Dos Passos, Granville Hicks, Koestler, and Malraux for having themselves rejected the Revolution after their closer appraisal of its meaning for freedom. Matthiessen, on the other hand, clings to the Revolution as if little had happened to disabuse us of it since 1917. He compares William Z. Foster to Debs, considers Harry Bridges a model American labor leader, and promises to vote for Henry Wallace even before that "successor in the Jeffersonian tradition . . . one of the few seriously humane in our Presidential history," has made up his mind to run.

The professor wears to Europe the same blinders which have effectively blocked his Cambridge field of vision. In Hungary he notes some evidence of terrorism and fear, but resolutely dismisses it. He interprets the decline in the strength of the anti-Communist Smallholder Party between two elections as proof of Communist vigor, overlooking the notorious fact that the first election was free and the second manipulated. He entertains the quaint theory that the Communists won by superior logic, rather than by secret police arrests, torturings, and large-scale disenfranchising of the opposition.

In Czechoslovakia he refers sniffingly to exiled peasant leaders from Eastern Europe, and cites with approval the encomiums to "economic democracy" chanted by another notable self-delusionist, the Red Dean of Canterbury. He describes with great appreciation the spirit of academic tolerance at Charles University, apparently unaware that the Communists were already denouncing the then education minister, many of the professors, and all the non-Leftist students as "reactionaries" and preparing to "purge" them. Arriving in Prague months before the Communist coup last February, he might be forgiven for having failed to anticipate it, although others did. But in elaborate footnotes he attempts to defend it. He even goes so far as to report the absurd canard that Jan Masaryk committed suicide because of a broken heart over reproaches from his Western friends. To support the bizarre thesis that Czechoslovak Communist totalitarianism has the "confidence of the mass of the people," Dr. Matthiessen is not above floating the suggestion that "President Benes supported Prime Minister Gottwald." He regards Vice Premier Fierlinger, who sold the Socialists out to the Communists, as a most edifying personage.

In effect, Dr. Matthiessen has written a campaign document which hews to the "Progressive" line that the Truman Doctrine and American warmongers are what are really wrong with the international situation. Perhaps the validity of his testimony can best be measured in the light of his belief that a Danubian union is possible only if the states of Eastern Europe become Soviet republics. This may indeed occur, but the revealing thing is Dr. Matthiessen's ability to regard such a development with near complacency because, "brutalized as much of its practice may have been, it [the Soviet Union] still points toward a goal that gives the dispossessed their only hope."

My Current Reading



Charles Bolte, organizer of the American Veterans Committee and its first national chairman, is at present a Rhodes scholar in England. He is the author of "The New Veteran" (1945).

POWER: *A New Social Analysis, by Bertrand Russell (Norton)*
ESSAYS IN SOCIOLOGY, *by Max Weber*
ITALIE DU NORD, *by Karl Baedeker*
GUIDE MICHELIN (*France*)
DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, *by Edward Gibbon*
DECLINE AND FALL, *by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown)*
ECONOMIC SURVEY FOR 1948 (*His Majesty's Stationery Office*)
THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN, *by George Douglas Howard Cole*
AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by Benvenuto Cellini*
A MASQUE OF MERCY, *by Robert Frost (Holt)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *From the books we have reviewed in recent weeks, and from evidence supplied by the best-seller lists, the vogue of the psychological novel appears to be coming to an end. From "The Naked and the Dead" at the top, "The Cleft Rock" in the middle, to "The Plague" at the bottom of current lists, the psychoanalyst has vanished as the author's guide to conduct and character. For a change of scene we recommend Harry Lee's "Sir and Brother" reviewed below. It is about one of the leaders of a union which is on the verge of a strike and Communist domination. It is about time that one of the major issues of our day should find a fair-minded novelist to record the modern labor union's dramatic rise to power. Phyllis Bentley's "Life Story," also reviewed this week, is a craftsmanlike novel in the well-worn British tradition.*

Front-Page Problem

SIR AND BROTHER. By Harry Lee. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. 1948. 302 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THIS is a novel about a great modern industrial union, and for that reason alone it seems fresh and topical. Yet only as recently as the 1930's, novelists—Steinbeck the most outstanding—were concerned with proletarian themes; ideologies and social thesis novels were more important than neuroses and slick satires. It is good to see a novelist bold enough to tackle a subject that comes off the front page of today's newspaper.

The main character of the novel is Mark Shearer, vice president of the (unnamed) union which is about to call a strike against the powerful Consolidated Steel. In the new contract which is being negotiated, he has inserted Section Fourteen, which provides that the workers' wages be computed from the corporation's profits and the cost of living. (Such a proposal has actually been advanced by the UAW.) The result of Shearer's insistence and of the corporation's refusal is the strike. Along with this external struggle, Shearer is also engaged within his union in a fight against the Communist faction which is trying to seize control. His dimensions are almost heroic as he faces opponents who possess force and cunning.

The uncompromising honesty that characterizes his public life affects his private life as well. He has thrown all his energies into his work, preferring, after the death of his wife, to let his emotions lie dormant. But when he meets Chris Kenyon, they fall in love. She is devoted and well-intentioned, but because she is the weak victim of a frivolous background, she involves him in her untidy emotional life. As a personality and as a symbol she is contrapuntal to his grim integrity and purposefulness. Their love story, then, strengthens and adds resonance to the main story of the strike. Undoubtedly the novel has a powerful and sustained impact, and that is caused not only by what Mr. Lee has put into it but by what he leaves out. In spite of the fact that his sympathies are clearly on the side of the union, he depicts the officials of the corporation as rounded human personalities. To caricature them in the Gropper mode would have been easy; instead he indicates that they, too, are the products of their backgrounds and temperaments, and redoubtable antagonists in the conflict. Yet, though we may understand them, we do not (to reverse the maxim) pardon them. That is the accomplishment of a persuasive and subtle novelist. With the same technique, he shows the Communist leader and his faction as hard-headed, hard-hitting fighters in the struggle for power. Nor does he allow his love story to fall into any of the stereotyped cliches that make so many novels drearily familiar. These negative virtues are matched by the considerable positive ones.

The ideological conflict that lies behind the action of the story is set forth in intelligible and temperate terms. The whole story is beautifully proportioned and constructed, and is written with notable style. It is in a clean and honest prose, economical to the point of austerity, at the same time flexible and expressive, and occasionally adorned with handsome metaphors. The surface perceptions are carefully selected and focused, without that overabundance of sensory impressionism that enervates so much contemporary writing. Here everything appears with quiet, muted intensity, and, at the same time, with a bright clarity.

This, the third of Mr. Lee's novels, is an extraordinarily good book, significant in conception, successful in execution.

Tyranny of Sameness

LIFE STORY. By Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 290 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CATHERINE M. BROWN

THERE'S no foolishness about Phyllis Bentley's approach to novel writing. It is in the direct line of succession, it never swerves from the accepted English tradition, and its straightforwardness assures us that Miss Bentley knows exactly what she's about. She is steadfast and sure, inspiring immediate confidence. We are willing to follow her, knowing full well she will not mislead us.

"Life Story" has a welcome nineteenth-century flavor to it, following the familiar pattern of chance as it affects a sprawling middle-class family. This particular narrative, recounting the life of ninety-year-old Hannah Tyas, guarantees sufficient span for observation. From stringent Victorianism through undercurrents of revolt up to the moral freedom of our present day, the Tyas clan lives, breathes, and reflects. Their surface tragedy lies in the fact that only when very young do they seem a part of their times; the deeper tragedy lies within.

The child, Miss Bentley seems to say again and again, is father to the man. Faults repeat themselves; despised traits, recognized lacks, dreams of dominance torment each generation. Behavior cannot be edited nor is there any profit in experience. The evil one suffered is inflicted on our children

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and our children's children. At least, so it is in the Tyas clan.

Old Hannah exemplifies these facts. As a child of ten in the West Riding industrial district, she loses her father, comes to distrust her mother, and accepts the status of poor relation to her rich mill-owning cousins. These cousins are cruel, bullying, and snobbish. Only the boy, Hedley, beaten down by his domineering father, protects her, loves her, and eventually marries her. Together they guard the secret of his father's death in the mill dam, never sure it wasn't murder as the boy struggled with the man on the back above the black waters. It takes all of Hannah's iron will to erase this picture, to move to a nearby mill, to become prosperous, correct, and enviable. A son and a daughter complete the picture. But security topples as the debt-ridden Hedley sells out, the grown son escapes his possessive mother by seeking business and marriage in Canada, and the thwarted daughter elopes to America with a bigamist, giving birth to the son who grows up to narrate this history. Hannah's power is over.

At her life's end the family has recouped, become united once more, and her beloved brood holds the whip hand over their erstwhile tyrant. Without doubt, in their time they will bend to the will of the coming generation.

There is power in "Life Story" and much to remember. The terror and the loneliness of youth are matched skilfully with the final cumulative emptiness of old age. "Now" merges with "then," and the whole struggle levels down to insignificance. Miss Bentley's detachment, her adroitly directed shifting of sympathies, and her able manipulation of characters make for timeless writing. In her lexicon the straight novel is far from old fashioned.

Alice Tisdale Hobart . . . an "unanalyzable magic."

Little Failures

THE CLEFT ROCK. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 376 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRAHAM BATES

ALICE TISDALE HOBART adds another to her growing list of contemporary-historical novels with one which turns to her own country for background and conflict. In "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "The Peacock Sheds His Tail" she treated of economic conditions as they affect the individual and group in cultures unlike our own. "The Cleft Rock" gives, with equal clarity and objectivity, an economic-political picture of the struggle for power between the small land owners and the big corporations in central California. Mrs. Hobart carries on the tradition in American social-interest fiction but escapes the tag "muckraking" through her careful and impartial recording of facts on both sides of the questions she proposes, and through her interest in plot and characterization. Her stories ride high on their heavily-freighted carriers.

The Dodd family of San Francisco form the cast of characters for "The Cleft Rock." The father, Jeremy Dodd, is a successful citizen: he is on the *right* side in business and politics both by natural inclination and expediency. When his son Edward returns from World War I activities in 1920, Jeremy is delighted to have him back and anxious to aid him to a career as successful as his own. But Edward has returned with a Russian bride. He is more idealistic than his father and a mildly liberal tendency in him has developed, through his foreign experiences and through the influence of his straight-thinking wife, to a point far from pleasing to his father. Jeremy is able, with little trouble, to separate the young couple and to direct his son towards a paying-off political career. Edward has the faculty of seeing only what he wants to see and so is able to abandon his wife and son with only the best possible motives apparent to himself. This divided second-generation family falls into the opposed camps of the forces fighting for the water rights of the Central California Valley.

That whole, many-miled valley depends for its very life stream upon the water necessary for irrigation: the small land owners can raise their grapes, cotton, and potatoes only if they can direct water from the main sources into their own irrigation ditches. These are the "little" men with neither the time nor resources to put up any long-term fight for their rights. Against them are arraigned the big interests with limitless capital and all the time there is at their disposal. They are organized for the campaign, with power lobbies in the state and Federal congresses, while their opponents wage their war as individuals or in weak, constantly-changing affiliation. Water rights mean money, through public utility channels, to the corporations; to the former they mean only life or death.

Phyllis Bentley . . . "far from old-fashioned."

Since Edward's wife has become one of the small farmers, and Edward, through his father's machinations, has become political spokesman for the power group, the story develops on two fronts at once, one dealing with the intense, personal relationships within the Dodd family and the other following the strategy of the financial and political machine. The suspense and excitement of the novel come principally from the impersonal clash of interests, with the more personal conflict between the characters involved taking second place.

Mrs. Hobart knows her subject thoroughly and presents it to the reader with some unanalyzable magic that makes it, at once, of vital concern to that reader. Tragedy hangs

(*Continued on page* 39)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 759)

C. AMORY:
THE PROPER BOSTONIANS

The Athenaeum is sparsely settled—so much so that guest ticket-holders who use the place usually have the feeling they are . . . unwanted visitors in a shrine whose primary purpose is to preside over the last rites of Brahminism.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF MARY GOULD DAVIS
PAUL HENRY LANG DOUGLAS MOORE
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

Contents Copyrighted 1948, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Case of Fritz Thyssen

FOR more than an hour I sat with Fritz Thyssen, the former industrial king of Germany, in a parked American military staff car outside the de-Nazification court at Koenigstein, near Frankfurt, and discussed a book.

The book was "I Paid Hitler," which appeared over Herr Thyssen's name when it was published here and abroad in 1942. For several days the book had dominated the trial; around it the prosecutor was building a large part of his case. For the book was the comprehensive confession of a man who had thrown his resources behind Hitler, even though the stated purpose was to tell of his eventual disillusionment with Nazism. According to the prosecution, the fact that Thyssen had been captured by the Nazis in France in 1940 and had spent the war in concentration camps may have mitigated but did not destroy his earlier responsibility and guilt as a major Nazi. And if there were any doubt concerning that guilt, the prosecutor added, Thyssen's own book readily demolished it. Indeed, the publisher's own blurb on the book stated that, "perhaps more than any one man, Thyssen is responsible for Hitler."

In his own defense, Herr Thyssen had made the startling statement at the trial that the book was a literary counterfeit, and that it was probably published over his name on the assumption that he had died, there being no way of disproving his authorship. He said he saw the book for the first time at the Nazi concentration camp at Oranienburg, when it was used against him by the Nazis to intensify his punishment. He charged Emery Reves, the famous author and literary agent, with responsibility for the unauthorized publication, claiming that only a small fraction of the book was authentic. He challenged Reves to produce documentary proof that the balance of the book was not a forgery.

Perhaps a little stage-setting may be in order at this point. Herr Thyssen, on the basis of a preliminary investigation by American officials in Germany, had been passed up for trial as a war criminal because of insufficent evidence. But, like other prominent Nazis or former Nazis not indicted as war criminals, he was now being tried before one of the many de-Nazification courts. These courts are strictly the affair of German civil government. While the occupying powers frequently send observers, the trial is independent of the military governments.

I had been in Frankfurt only two days when I learned that only a few miles away in Koenigstein the trial of Fritz Thyssen was revolving around a book and that the name of Emery Reves, for whom I had such a deep respect and whose book, "The Anatomy of Peace," had been so well received in the United States, was figuring in the prosecution's case.

The next morning, I joined a group consisting of Janet Flanner of *The New Yorker,* Fred M. Hechinger, a Connecticut newspaperman and *SRL* contributor, and Dr. William M. Hitzig, New York City Police Department surgeon, for the drive up to Koenigstein through beautifully tapestried hills that reminded one of the Berkshires. Koenigstein itself is a small, unbombed town, attractively situated on a hillside. On the main street, as you near the center of the town, is a white inn, not very large or impressive from the outside. The dining room of the inn had been converted into a makeshift courtroom. It was low-ceilinged, with a long row of window-doors on one side. About 150 persons were crowded into the room, in the front of which was a long improvised bench for the judge and representatives of the various German political parties. Flanking this bench were two parallel tables—one for the prosecution, the other for the defense. Herr Thyssen sat in the enclosure formed by these tables, his back to the spectators. He sat deep in his wooden chair, his hands cupped in front of him. He was trim and well dressed; he looked lean and tanned, and smiled freely, although his illness and advanced years were noticeable in the tremor of his hands and in his general manner.

—SRL *photo by Hitzig.*

Fritz Thyssen in an American staff car in Koenigstein: "I was never Hitler's boss, as he [Reves] made me out to be."

THE testimony at this particular session centered around correspondence between Thyssen and Hitler and Goering, published by *Life* in the issue of April 29, 1940. Thyssen readily acknowledged its authenticity and said it had been published with his cooperation in an attempt to give the outside world a clearer picture of Nazi tactics and duplicity. The letters, covering a period of more than a year, traced the events and disagreements leading to an open rupture between Thyssen and the Nazi leaders. Thyssen, according to the letters, was opposed to the war, demanding that Hitler and Goering respect their promises to him. After the correspondence had reached a certain point, Thyssen left Germany. This was followed by confiscation of his property by the Nazis, although Goering made clumsy attempts to lure Thyssen back to Germany in letters promising the industrial magnate complete security of property and person.

Thyssen's lawyers contended at the trial that much of this material had been used as the basis for a portion of the unauthorized book but that the job had been carelessly done, as was evidenced in misquotations carried over from the letters.

This reopened the entire question of "I Paid Hitler," for if the book were proved to be authentic it would clearly have established the long, intimate, and important role of Thyssen in the Nazi regime until shortly before the outbreak of the war. The book told of Thyssen's large and continuing financial contributions and of his part in policy-making. True, all this material in the book was mainly intended to serve as confessional background for Thyssen's recantation and renunciation of Nazism, but the prosecutor took the position that the break with the Nazi hierarchy in 1939 did not automatically exonerate the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steel king. Thus, the trial was largely concerned with the extent and duration of Thyssen's association with Nazism.

When the court adjourned for the day, I went up to speak to Herr Thyssen. People were milling around, and it was difficult to talk. The only spot I could think of that afforded any privacy was an American staff car outside. Herr Thyssen readily accepted the invitation. The next hour or so was as memorable as any I can recall. Thyssen, picking his words very carefully in English, answered questions fully and directly.

I began by asking him flatly whether he felt any responsibility at all for Nazism, forgetting for the moment the picture of him emerging from the book as the man most responsible for Hitler.

"Yes," he said. "I make no attempt to hide the fact that I supported Hitler back in the early 1920's when Ludendorff spoke to me about Hitler and suggested I help the Nazi Party. I gave Ludendorff money then for Hitler. Then, over the years, I became more and more convinced that Hitler could save Germany, especially when France and the Allies persisted in their ruinous policy of reparations and when France tried to seize the Rhineland."

"Precisely what form did your support of Hitler take from the time he came to power up through 1939, when you left Germany?" I asked. "How much money did you give and to whom?"

"I gave no money during those years. In 1933, when Hitler came to power, I gave him my moral and political support. I believed him. I believed in his sincerity and honesty. I believed he could save Germany from revolution. Later, much later, I learned he was a liar and a dangerous man."

"And when was that?"

"About 1937. I was becoming increasingly disturbed about the rearmament program. I didn't like the direction his foreign policy was taking."

"Did you have any feeling about Nazi dictatorship itself—about the fact that Germany had become a police state, about the political murders, the destruction of civil liberties, the persecution of Jews?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "That was bad. Very bad. But there was no way of knowing before that this was what Hitler would do."

I had the feeling that the entire anti-Jewish episode seemed somewhat unreal to him and perhaps not too significant. I reminded Herr Thyssen that Hitler's plans for a police state and his position on the Jews had been made perfectly clear in "Mein Kampf" long in advance.

"Sure, but who read 'Mein Kampf'? Almost no one. Everyone owned a copy; no one bothered to read it."

"Did you read it?"

"Parts of it."

"Didn't you see the long sections in which Hitler told exactly how he felt —about his contempt for democracy, Germany's need for a dictatorship based on the master-race idea, and about his prejudices on race and religion?"

"Yes, but that was just propaganda. Hitler needed a *blitz-ableiter*—a lightning rod—to divert the lightning that threatened to strike all around him and he picked on the Jews. But I never believed he would carry it to the lengths he did. It got completely out of hand. I don't think Hitler himself believed everything he said about the Jews. Hitler once told me, when he learned that Furtwängler was using some Jewish musicians in his symphony orchestra, that he summoned Furtwängler and said to him, 'I don't want to criticize you for using these men, and I am sure they are good musicians, and some of them are probably good friends of yours. But we have got to be careful about what we do in public. I myself may be very fond of a pretty young Jewish lady, but I can't afford to be seen with her in public. You don't have to break your friendship with these men, but it might be embarrassing to have them in your orchestra.' Furtwängler dismissed the musicians."

I asked Herr Thyssen whether what he had read in "Mein Kampf" hadn't convinced him long before 1939 that the Nazi program would lead to war.

"But I must remind you again that no one took 'Mein Kampf' seriously. I began to differ with Hitler in 1937. I thought he was betraying his promises to me that he made before he came to power. If everything had gone as planned, Hitler would have retired long before 1937."

"What do you mean by 'retired'?" I asked. "What had been planned?"

Thyssen leaned forward and rested

A Statement by Emery Reves

IN HIS RECENT statement before the "De-Nazification Court" in Koenigstein, Herr Fritz Thyssen denied to be the author of his book, "I paid Hitler," declared that he has corrected only ten pages of the manuscript, and that the work I have published in 1942 did not correspond to the documents he gave me.

This statement is a complete misstatement of facts. In the Foreword I have written to "I paid Hitler," I explained the circumstances in which I have met Thyssen, how the book was written, and the reason for its publication, one year after I saved the manuscript from France. I have nothing to add to this.

The book was entirely dictated by Herr Thyssen to a secretary. About two thirds of the work has been corrected and approved for publication by him. The original typescript, with Mr. Thyssen's handwritten corrections is available in New York. When the book was published in 1942, the original manuscript was exhibited at Scribner's book store in New York, and at the beginning of the Nuremburg trials it was examined by Justice Jackson's office in the War Department in Washington.

About one third of the text could not be corrected by Herr Thyssen before the Nazis invaded France. These chapters have been printed in their original form, as dictated by Herr Thyssen, without any editing or correcting.

In order to make the book understandable to American readers, it was necessary to fill in certain gaps in the text and to comment upon certain names and events. This editorial work was done by Professor Georg Bernhard, former Editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, and member of the Reichstag, who played an important role in the public life of the German Republic before Hitler came to power. Every paragraph of these editorial comments have been indicated in the book as editorial remarks, so that there can be no misunderstanding as to the phrases added to Herr Thyssen's own text. They are purely explanatory and constitute an insignificant part of the book.

I myself have not written one single line, with the exception of the preface.

Before I left Herr Thyssen in Monte Carlo, at the end of May 1940, he gave me the address of his daughter, Countess Zichy, in Buenos Aires, asking me to keep in touch with her in case we would be unable to communicate. The book was published in New York with the knowledge and consent of Countess Zichy who has several times expressed her appreciation for my saving the manuscript, and her thanks for its publication. It has been acclaimed in the Allied press as one of the most important political weapons in our fight against Hitler and the Nazi regime.

EMERY REVES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his arms on the back of the driver's seat.

"It was never intended that Hitler would remain in power," he said. "Hitler was supposed to be temporary. The plan was to have him strengthen Germany and then step down in favor of a restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty."

THIS was startling news indeed. I asked Herr Thyssen whether Hitler had agreed to this plan.

"Agreed? He didn't have to agree. It was his own idea. He himself proposed it. That was why we supported him. There were four promises Hitler made to me, none of which he kept:

1. That after Germany's position, internally and externally, had been fortified, he would bring back the monarchy, turning the government over to the Hohenzollerns.
2. That he would undertake and conclude with the Vatican a special Concordat guaranteeing Catholics full religious rights inside Germany.
3. That he would undertake and conclude a comprehensive peace treaty with England, so that whatever might happen England would be on our side.
4. That he would undertake and conclude a special peace treaty with Poland, as protection against Russia.

"If Hitler had been true to those promises, there would have been no war."

I asked Herr Thyssen how it was that he had permitted himself to be taken in by these promises. He smiled.

"Hitler was the most persuasive man I ever met in my life. He had a way of looking at you when he spoke and a way of talking directly at you so that you wanted to do anything he asked you to. Everyone who met him believed him. Many times I asked myself just what you have asked me: 'How is it I could have believed him?' And I have thought a long time about it. I think Hitler was a master psychologist, perhaps even hypnotist. When you were with him and under his power, he could make you do almost anything. Once I even decided to ask him about it.

" 'Mein Fuehrer,' I said, 'what is the secret of this strange hold you have over people?' And Hitler gave me the answer. This is what he said:

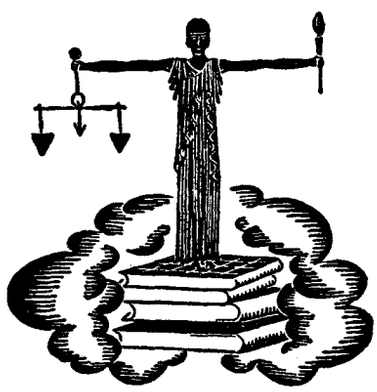
" 'I think I know what it is. Before I get up to speak before an audience, I try to study it. I search the faces carefully and try to sense a mood. Then when I get up to speak, for the first ten minutes I exploit this mood. I work hardest during those first ten minutes. Those first ten minutes are the important ones. I try to create a single personality out of all those faces. I create a single mind and a single will, so that when they think, they think as one person, when they respond, they respond as one person. Then I identify myself with that one mind. I get inside that mind so that there is not the speaker's mind and the mind of the audience but one mind —my mind. After that, I can say anything I want to and they will believe me. I can speak absolute nonsense for two hours and they will believe every word of it."

Thyssen reached into his pocket, took out an American cigarette, lit it with quivering hands, and went on with his story.

"I keep thinking about that power of Hitler's. Just the other day I picked up a copy of a book by Gustave LeBon, 'The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind.' Very interesting. He talks about hynosis applied to groups. I think that is what Hitler did."

I asked Herr Thyssen whether he thought another hypnotist could come along and do the same thing to Germany again.

"I think so, yes," he said. "Germany is not like America, where you have traditions of democracy and where it is not easy for a charlatan or dictator like Hitler to come along and fool the people. In America, you have a big country and you can make mistakes but they are not too serious.



But here in Germany, when the people make a mistake, they can't get out of it.

"I don't think democracy can work in Germany. The people have lived under militarism too long. They want to be told what to do. If they had a democracy they would fall to pieces.

"Germany needs a constitutional monarchy. It has to be held together by a family around which the nation can rally. Otherwise, it will go Nazi again or Bolshevist. A democracy would only create the confusion in which the extremes could come to power."

I asked Herr Thyssen whether Hitler's promise to him about the restoration of the Hohenzollern monarchy may have been nothing more than an attempt to say the very thing that Thyssen most wanted to hear. Since Thyssen was a devout Catholic, wouldn't the promise about the Concordat with the Vatican fit in the same category? What I was trying to find out, without asking it in so many words, was whether Thyssen realized that he himself had furnished a remarkable demonstration of the very gullibility he had just decried in the German people.

"I was fooled. And when I discovered how badly I was fooled, I tried to fight it as hard as I could. But it was then too late."

This furnished a good opportunity to return to the subject of the book. I asked Herr Thyssen whether he didn't believe that the book, whatever he felt about the circumstances of its publication, may not have been valuable in the fight against Nazism.

"How can it be valuable if it is not true? What could be more valuable than the letters I sent to America, where they were published in *Life* magazine? The letters told the story. This book was a bad business. I knew nothing at all about the book until one day the Nazis began asking me questions about it when I was a prisoner in the concentration camp at Oranienburg. Things were bad enough for my wife and myself up to that time. I thought they were going to kill us. Things got very much worse."

THYSSEN then explained the background of the book. After he left Germany, he received a message from Emery Reves, who told of his work in syndicating articles of world-famous figures like Winston Churchill, Leon Blum, etc. Thyssen, a political refugee, had just arrived in Paris. It was April 1940. He invited Reves to visit him, the result being that Reves persuaded him to do a book on his experiences under, and disillusion with, Nazism. An agreement was reached and a contract was signed.

"But the contract said two things," Thyssen hastily added. "First, that nothing was to published until I had seen the entire manuscript and given my approval. Second, that the French Government, which had received me and was giving me safety, could see the manuscript in advance. Both these specifications were ignored."

I asked Herr Thyssen about the actual writing. He said that Mr. Reves had assigned a collaborator to him who would help him with his memoirs. There were one or two meetings with Reves in which the plan for the book and the general arrangements were discussed and that was the last Thyssen said he saw of Reves. I pointed out that Mr. Reves, in the publisher's foreword to "I Paid Hitler," had spoken of his conversations

USCULUN Y.C.L.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sessions with Thyssen lasting over a period of weeks. This Thyssen denied.

Thyssen said that perhaps ten pages from one chapter and a few pages from another chapter were completed. The Nazi military machine was rolling across France, and the work on the book had to be stopped. The French Government took Thyssen into protective custody.

"There was a good deal of pressure brought upon the French Government to turn me over, and finally they gave in. And I was probably worth a lot to the Germans, because a bargain was made and I was traded for two French generals who had been captured by the Germans."

Thyssen smiled wryly as he told of the exchange. Then his face changed. It became tightened and tense again as he told of his experiences of the war years. First the Nazis sent him to a lunatic asylum, and he spent "a long, long time" in solitary confinement. Then he was sent to Oranienburg, where he was kept for about two years. At Buchenwald, towards the end of the war, he was in a cell next to Leon Blum, for whom he developed considerable fondness. "Very fine man, Mr. Blum. Very honest. Very intelligent. Very sympathetic. We became good friends. I am anxious to see him again." And then, when the American armies broke through and liberated one concentration camp after another, the Nazis kept moving him back to camps far in the interior of Germany. Finally, "they decided to shoot me, but the Americans came one day too soon."

I WATCHED Thyssen closely as he spoke. His usual spryness of manner and ready smile were now gone. Instead, there was only a sick old man through whose mind there ran ugly and bewildering memories. Not very long ago in his life he had been regarded as one of the most influential, powerful, and respected figures in Germany—and perhaps also a large part of the outside world. Then he enlisted his passions in the crusade to recover the Rhineland, recognizing in Hitler a subordinate ally. Then came the fast-moving events—Hitler rising to power, rearmament, the fast-spiraling tensions, voluntary exile, war, imprisonment, liberation, imprisonment again. . . . And now?

"I am an old man. I am being tried by Germans. They say I was the man behind Hitler. It is not so. The Americans who investigated me know it is not so. The Americans examined very carefully all the records and spoke to many witnesses.

"I am not complaining because I am being tried now. I admit I once supported the Nazis. I admit my part. And if they want to punish me for that part, that is all right. But I was never a major Nazi, as the book says.

"I would welcome a chance to meet Mr. Reves again in open court. I want to face him and ask him to prove that the book is genuine. I want him to produce the contract. Then let him produce the manuscript. He cannot. He can only produce the few pages from the beginning and towards the end of the book that are genuine and that have my handwritten corrections on them."

I told Herr Thyssen that I knew Mr. Reves, for whom I had high regard, and that these were serious charges to be made against a distinguished writer. I offered to relay his challenge, for I expected to meet Mr. Reves two weeks later at a world government conference in Luxembourg.

We got out of the car. Thyssen held out his hand.

"That is very good," he said. "Please tell Mr. Reves what I said. If you can do it soon, that will be very nice. It is important that we get this cleared up. I was not Hitler's boss, as he makes me out to be. I never gave Hitler one million marks, as the book says. I hope you can help. Goodbye."

That night, I tried to reach Emery Reves by phone. But trying to get a long distance call out of Frankfurt was like placing a call to Saturn. I knew Reves was somewhere in France but that was all. I even tried to call *The Saturday Review* in New York, thinking that someone there might be able to track Reves down through his American publisher. But it was no use. Several days later I tried again from Berlin with no better luck. I decided I would have to wait until the Luxembourg conference.

My anxiety to speak to Reves increased when I learned that the Koenigstein court had decided against admitting evidence from "I Paid Hitler." This was formal recognition of Thyssen's statement about the book. I believed it to be of the utmost importance that Reves be given a chance to present his side of the case.

At Luxembourg ten days later I met Reves and informed him of Thyssen's challenge. I told him of the public statements about the origin of the book and suggested that he return to Koenigstein with me, only 125 miles away, to answer Thyssen's charges. At first, Reves agreed, but when I saw him the following morning he said he had thought it over carefully and had changed his mind.

"I can't see that any good would come out of such a meeting," he said. "What I said in the foreword to the book still goes. Anyone who wants to know what the circumstances were leading to the publication of the book has only to read the foreword. They have the book in Koenigstein and there is nothing that I could add to what I already say there."

Dynamic, intense, responsive, Emery Reves looked to me as though he had stayed up all night trying to think through the problem.

"I can't understand Thyssen," he said. "I can't understand why his lawyers have permitted the prosecution to switch the entire book around so that it is being used against him rather than for him. There is no more powerful anti-Nazi material in print anywhere than there is in this book. Why don't his lawyers emphasize this—instead of trying to follow along after the prosecution?

"Thyssen has already paid the price of being a Nazi. He paid it in his exile and in the years in the concentration camps. He's a sick old man. The only question should be whether he was sincere in repudiating Nazism. And the book proves that beyond question. The book proves he fought against Nazism even before the war. Why don't Thyssen's lawyers wake up to that fact?"

I told Reves I was certain that his decision was carefully arrived at, but I hoped, for his own sake, that he would reconsider and face Thyssen. By this time, Thyssen's charges had found their way into the public press, and Reves's reputation as a publisher had been questioned. I told Reves I was confident he could keep such a meeting from converting the trial into a circus, which he said he feared.

"I want to help the old man, not hurt him," said Reves. "He has said things he can't possibly back up. My going there would have exactly the opposite effect of the one he hopes for. I am sure the court will take into account his advanced years and the severe mental strain he has been under for so many years, and discount the careless things he has said about me.

"The manuscript is authentic. It is in my safe in New York. It was examined by men from Justice Jackson's office in connection with the Nuremburg trials. I have no objection to any

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ross Lockridge, Jr.

SIR: It is perhaps, a bit late to comment on Nanette Kutner's article on my good friend and former professor, Ross Lockridge, Jr. [*SRL* June 12]. But maybe someone might be interested in the man before he became famous — a person so absolutely and completely different from the neurotic author Miss Kutner met.

I had always thought of Lockridge as the most perfect example of *joie de vivre* I knew. Sometimes a bit too naively clownish for a professor, occasionally sensitive about his Midwestern accent among a Harvard majority. But immensely popular with all the girls at Simmons — except those who had violent cases of intellectual earnestness.

I remember him explaining Freud to our class in imaginative writing, "Rome Hanks" (banned in Boston, you know), or playing the villain in a student-faculty drama with a most unprehensile black mustache and some rather atrocious ad libs. And yet he always gave us the impression that he was, underneath, serious and very learned.

Perhaps there is some significance in these few lines from the last letter he sent me (just a year ago):

> Yes, the world has moved in and suddenly discovered little Rossie, and he has been pretty thoroughly mauled in the process, though I suspect what has happened is nothing to what's going to happen.

KATRINE SORENSEN ROCK.

Matanzas, Cuba.

"Peace Pipe Dreams"

SIR: You have no idea how much I appreciate this magazine. In here I find some of the hardest hitting, straight-from-the-shoulder articles to appear anywhere in the U. S. today on such subjects as the various world issues, and the evaluation of the "learned" professions, like writing, music, psychiatry, etc. In particular in the Sept. 18 issue of *SRL* "Peace Pipe Dreams" by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. Months ago he wrote similarly, but not as encompassingly in *Coronet* under the title "USA Put Up or Shut Up." This one is far better because he evaluates to date the accomplishments of psychiatry, psychology, the UN, and in general focusses the issues, their dangers and failures, and accomplishments—if you can call them by that name.

Also the editors do their share along this line. The editorial on the Warsaw Congress of Intellectuals [*SRL* Sept. 18] was very satisfying. It is part of the insane but nonetheless fascinating, gloomy, frustrating, needless, futile things going on in the world today.

ELMER FISH.

Canton, O.

SIR: You have to look very closely at "Peace Pipe Dreams" to see the cleverness of his sophistry. He has pictured seven candles of illusion burning on the altar of peace. Having named them, by adroitly sculptured syllogisms, he endeavors, one by one, to snuff them out. In their place he would set up the one true light—the international vigilantes, later to develop into international police.

The trouble is, that he does not apply the same tests to his own candle that he has applied to the seven he would extinguish. It is submitted that the vigilante theory is quite as vulnerable as any of the others. Indeed, Mr. Mowrer's recital of the history of the Vigilantes of the West is very much on the optimistic side. The evolution from lawlessness to law and order west of the Pecos was by no means as orderly, as uniform, and as felicitous as he would have us believe.

For that matter, the problem of peace is basically quite simple. To have peace but one thing is necessary —to stop fighting. When, nation by nation, tribe by tribe, family by family, and individual by individual, that has been accepted as the common and necessary course of action, peace will reign everywhere. Until it is so accepted, you may explore the reasons for conflict unceasingly without achieving any fruitful result.

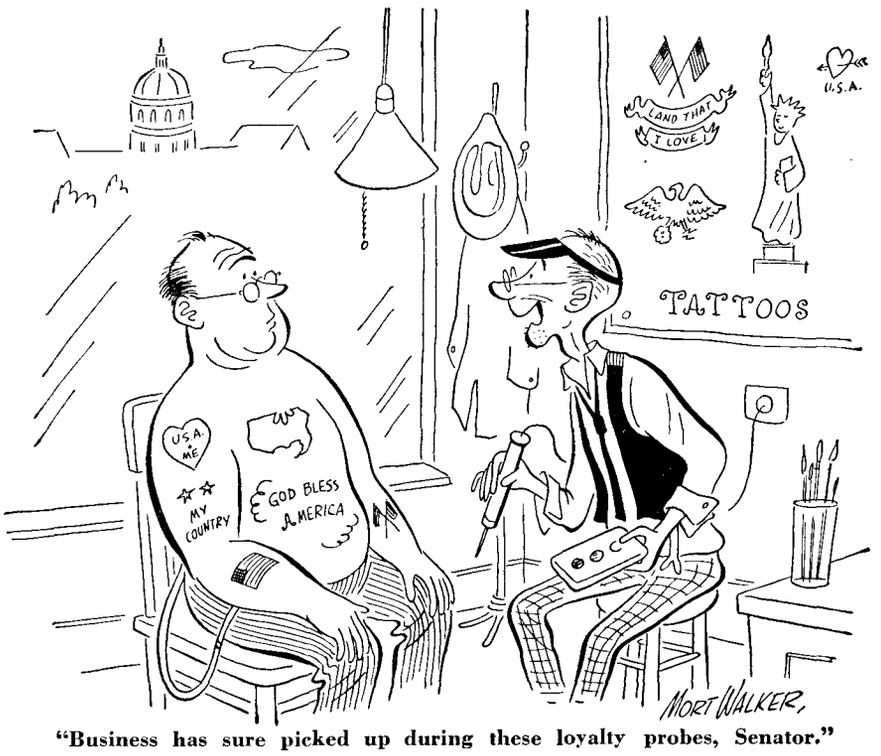
WILLIAM S. MAXWELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: "Peace Pipe Dreams" is one of the best I've read on the subject of international peace. We must inject some sane and balanced thinking into the weird accumulation of half-truths and fallacies so prevalent in American thinking.

ALBERT CARRIERE.

Carlisle, Pa.



"Business has sure picked up during these loyalty probes, Senator."

Scapegoat

SIR: As a press phobist Rebecca Mixner is a most gullible creature [*SRL* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Sept. 25]. The fact that the *New York Herald Tribune* Aug. 19 carried the headlines "Boy 7, Tortured, 3 Others Accused. Officials Lay Act to Comic Books" means absolutely nothing. It is just a cleverly executed maneuver of the old army game. For years "the officials" (superficial and ponderous) have worn the "school is to blame" classic alibi threadbare. What a Godsend the comicbook scapegoat now proves!

Because some comic strips are detrimental, is no reason to ban all comic books. Not any more than that we should prevent the printing of good books—including the Bible—because of the printing of salacious literature.

Think, think, think for yourself, Rebecca; don't lean so heavily upon the headline writer's brain.

FRIEDA B. ZEEB.

Chicago, Ill.

Old Error

SIR: The author of the LITTERARY I.Q. for Aug. 14 has repeated an error of long standing in ascribing the lines:

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name,

to Sir Walter Scott. These lines, with which Scott prefaced Chapter 34 of "Old Mortality," were written by a Major Mordaunt and appeared originally in the *Edinburgh Bee* of Oct. 12, 1791, a copy of which was found in Scott's library after his death. For a discussion of the lines and a reprint of the whole poem, see *The Literary Digest* of Sept. 11, 1920, page 38.

ADA B. NISBET.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pshaw

SIR: Isherwood, Heard, Huxley, and Waugh, snare us, and scare us, and fill us with awe.

IRVING SUSSMAN.

Cathedral City, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

ACTORS' THEATRE

POLONIUS, though a theatre-lover, was obviously a bookish man. Consider his windy catalogue of the types of scripts at which the Players excelled. I mean his not uncelebrated "pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral" speech. He attacked the job of partitioning the drama with the relish of a realtor breaking down a tract of land into measly subdivisions. Yet, in spite of the mouthsome hyphenates into which his thoroughness tempted him, Polonius was guilty of a grave omission.

He made no mention of a very special kind of theatre; one prized by playgoers when it is good, and cherished by performers even when it is not. I have in mind the *theatre-of-the-actor;* the theatre in which the player counts for more than the play; in which life is not so much observed as acting opportunities are provided; in short, the very kind of theatre of which "Edward, My Son"* is a triumphant example.

"Edward, My Son" is a detailed and pitiless study of an English tycoon. He is a man without scruples or mercy. The one decency of his enormously successful but indecent life is his love for his son. Yet he blights his boy's career by spoiling him just as he ruins the lives of most of the other people with whom he comes in contact by despoiling them.

The story—as a story—is an interesting one. It may be told with greater length than is necessary. It may drag here and there, and to impatient Americans seem more leisurely than it did to Britishers, who are not so clock-conscious. Even so, the skill of its writing is undeniable. It has wit, dexterity, and, considering its basic unpleasantness, a kind of courage. It is minutely observed, too. Moreover, as acted, especially by Robert Morley and Peggy Ashcroft, its fascination is irresistible.

Why, then, with such qualities to its credit, should this script, that Mr. Morley has written with Noel Langley, confess itself in its every line and scene to be an actor's rather than a dramatist's play? Why, when it is so easy to enjoy it, is it impossible to take it seriously?

Actor's plays, though overlooked by Polonius, are neither uncommon nor unwelcome. The need and place for them must date back to the appearance of the first professional players. If they are rarer than they once were, it is because, since Ibsen and with the coming of realism, the theatre of the actor has to a large extent become the theatre of the playwright. And the dramatist worthy of the name is a person more interested in what he has to say himself than what he has given others to say or do. This does not mean that, when they are successful in achieving their ends, actor's plays fail to provide evenings rich in their pleasures and rewards. It means only that they are apt to be different in their appeal, no less than in their touch and approach, from the works of playwrights who are not actors.

These differences make themselves felt throughout the whole of "Edward, My Son." Though first-rate as theatre, it seems secondhand as life. There is something hollow about its writing, something simulated and specious, which refuses to be hidden. It is written less from actual observation than from the memory of other plays. To be sure, it creates a world of its own which appears real enough. But this world, engrossing as it is, is cut off from the real world by the asbestos, not the Iron, curtain. Its people never quite become people. They remain "characters" (which is part of the fun), and, as such, they seldom allow us to forget that they are also juicy "parts" (which also contributes to the fun).

—*Eileen Darby, Graphic House.*

"If Robert Morley triumphs as the tycoon, so does Peggy Ashcroft as his unhappy wife."

The script in which Mr. Morley stars and has had a hand is an actor's dream come true. In fact, since Mr. Morley is a player both generous and wise, it is several actors' dreams come true. It is wonderfully considerate of its players, hence its audiences. Its men and women, all except Edward, who is never seen, do not merely come into a room or leave it. They have "their exits and their entrances." The situations in which they find themselves may be somewhat tired, yet these are all whipped up into arresting "scenes" so that they acquire the illusion of novelty. The words the actors speak may, as words, be lacking in distinction. But this does not matter. The real writing is done for them by the gestures and stage business they are expertly planned to invite.

Perhaps, the unseen Edward is the perfect symbol of how illusionary is the reality of Mr. Morley's and Mr. Langley's play. Heaven knows, Edward, though absent, seems real enough. We follow him from his first birthday in 1919, when his family is poor, until his death as a pilot twenty-two years later in the Battle of Britain, when his father has won his millions and a title and his mother, in her heartbreak, has become a drunkard.

We learn of his costly illness as a baby and how, in order to pay for it, his father risks his first crooked enterprise. We pick up his career at the public school from which he would have been fired had his father not been rich enough to buy off the headmaster by buying up the school's mortgage. We see him (or think we see him) later when, utterly corrupted by his father's indulgences and standards, he has his troubles with money, drink, and women. In episode after episode Edward is just about to appear as the curtain falls. To the end, however, he remains the little man who wasn't there. Yet, though absent, he is so present that we accept him without question as the "stinker" he is described as being. We could swear we had watched him as he misbehaved at school or run into him when, drunk at a hotel, he had thrown up in the lobby.

What is true of Edward is true of the play's literary qualities and its validity as realism. These also seem to be present without actually being there. If they are not present, something else is; something which replaces them; something which serves as a more than acceptable substitute. This,

**EDWARD, MY SON, a play by Robert Morley and Noel Langley. Directed by Peter Ashmore. Setting supervised by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Gilbert Miller and Henry Sherek. With a cast including Robert Morley, Peggy Ashcroft, Ian Hunter, Torin Thatcher, Dayton Lummis, Waldo Sturrey, Godfrey Kenton, Leueen MacGrath, Dorothy Beattie, and Patricia Hicks. At the Martin Beck Theatre.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A RIOT."—Morehouse, Sun
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40. NO PERF. MON.
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A MUSICAL IN A MILLION!"
—ROBERT GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
MAGDALENA
Music by HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS
Starring IRRA PETINA
JOHN RAITT
DOROTHY SARNOFF
HUGO HAAS
ZIEGFELD • 54th St. & 6th Ave.
Eves. 8:30 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

CONTRIBUTE TO THE RED CROSS

of course, is what the *theatre-of-the-actor* can, and in this instance does, brilliantly supply.

No one who saw Mr. Morley when he played Oscar Wilde in this country nine seasons back, and no one who has seen him since in London as the Prince Regent in "First Gentleman," can be surprised by the magical excellence and authority of his acting of the tycoon-father in "Edward, My Son." Mr. Morley's Oscar was portraiture in the flesh; his Prinny biography in performance. The same thoroughness, the same uncanny skill, he brought to recreating these historical figures he now brings to making an imaginary character real.

Life may by-pass him as an author, but as an actor he misses no tricks. If the part he has helped to write for himself is a fat one, that is as it should be. He is not a thin man. From the moment he strides before the curtain, a huge, arrogant, cockney version of Toulouse-Lautrec's Aristide Briand, to speak the prologue directly to the audience, he is in full command of the stage.

His is the task of making us believe that Arnold Holt is the kind of conscienceless dynamo who can bully and badger the headmaster as he does, ride roughshod over everyone coming in his path, and gain his fabulous wealth and power because of the lunge of his will, the drive of his personality, and his complete lack of scruples. To say that a man has the leader-stuff in him is quite different from having to demonstrate that he has it. Yet Mr. Morley manages to demonstrate this, quietly, fearfully. He does it with no seeming effort, and without overlooking any detail that might help. He does it by his stance, his gestures, and the arctic coldness of his eyes. He does it with a laugh which, though constant, has no merriment in it.

If Mr. Morley triumphs as the tycoon, so does Peggy Ashcroft as his unhappy wife. She, too, is playing the kind of part that a gifted monologist would love to write for herself. It is one of those studies in disintegration of which playgoers are as fond as players. Ranging as it does from her first scene of young innocence to the drink-thick speech, the quivering hands, and the disordered hair of her last scene twenty-nine years later, it abounds in chances for change and display. Of each and every one of these opportunities Miss Ashcroft takes such admirable advantage that they give the impression of being golden rather than greasepaint.

Nor does the excellence of acting in "Edward, My Son" end there. Ian Hunter, as a former business associate ruined by Mr. Morley, and the beauti-

*GOT THE BOOK SHELF BLUES?

If Book Clubs are loading your shelves with books you don't really want to read—and the high cost of living knocking your book buying for a loss . . . Join the Bonus Book Club and order the books you want (your own choice, no judges *here)—and get a 25% bonus on the amount you spend (more books for your money).*

JUST *send us your name and the titles of the books you want. After you buy 4, use your bonus for more. Write today!*

THE BONUS BOOK CLUB, Inc.
Dept. SR-6, 61 West 56 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

The Bonus Plan does not include certain Text, Technical, Foreign or otherwise restricted books.

JEANNE CRAIN
WILLIAM HOLDEN
and EDMUND GWENN *in*
Apartment for Peggy
color by technicolor
A 20th Century-Fox Film

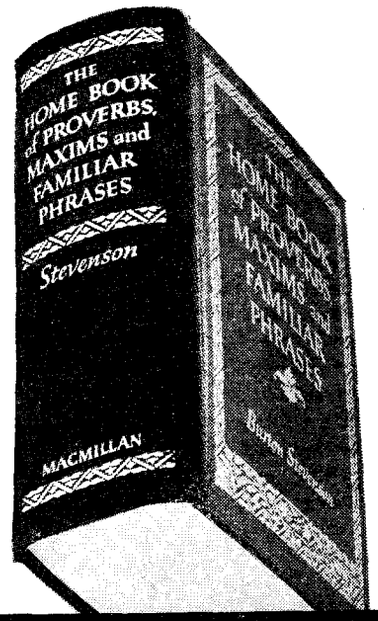
— ON STAGE —
KAY THOMPSON
THE WILLIAMS BROS.
ON ICE
RHYTHM IN PLAID
starring
ARNOLD SHODA
now
ROXY
7th Ave. at 50th St.

MODERN POETRY & FICTION
. . . Delmore Schwartz
Beginning Wed., Oct. 20, at 8:40 P.M.
$10. FOR 4 MONTH COURSE
COMPOSITION of POETRY
Begins Wed., Oct. 20, at 7 PM
Call AT. 9-9455 for Catalogue or write
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT YM & YWHA LEXINGTON AVE. at 92nd STREET

Everybody Gives—
Everybody Benefits!
Help the COMMUNITY CHEST

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDISPENSABLE FOR REFERENCE



BURTON STEVENSON'S
HOME BOOK of PROVERBS

Just published! — the most COMPLETE and CONVENIENT collection of proverbs ever made. By the well-known compiler of the *Home Book of Quotations.* 2,964 pages, thoroughly indexed. Bound in durable red buckram, stamped in gold. Boxed. $20.00 *at your bookstore.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

F.D.R.'S VOICE
ON RECORDS

Now you can hear the imperishable words of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as they were recorded when he spoke them.

Twenty-three of Roosevelt's most important radio addresses have been expertly excerpted on 12 records contained in two de luxe souvenir albums. The speeches include all the historic statements of the late President, from the first Inaugural, March 1933, to the Jefferson Day address, April 1945.

No collection is so complete and competently recorded. It is a valuable possession for collectors, libraries, historical archives, schools, colleges, classes in Current History, Government, Public Speaking and English.

Ideal spoken documentary collection for inspiration and entertainment for Veteran, Labor, Social and Political organizations.

12 unbreakable, flexible Vinylite 12 inch records in 2 handsome albums. $24.50 THE SET

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
216 RCA Building New York 20, N. Y.

BERNARD R. LA BERGE presents
CARNEGIE HALL, SUN. EVE., OCT. 24, at 8:30
MISCHA ELMAN
WOLFGANG ROSE at the Steinway
Tickets at Box Office Recital Mgt. Henry Colbert

STAGE

"All Triumphant"—*Barnes, H. Trib.*
ETHEL MERMAN
In the World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with MILTON WATSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
EVES. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

New Stages, Inc. presents JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
CORT THEATRE • 48th St. E. of B'way • CI 5-4289
Evgs. 8:45. Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:45

ful Leueen McGrath, as a secretary with whom he has an affair, are likewise exceptionally capable. Indeed, the winter is not apt to reveal performances more polished or persuasive than those to be enjoyed in Peter Ashmore's suave production of Mr. Morley's and Mr. Langley's play. It offers an evening of theatre, pure theatre, but of theatre which is magnificent. That is something which, though special in its yields, is not to be scoffed at.

Barbara Ward in "The West at Bay," her fine and ever-illuminating analysis of the troubles of the present world, points out how money worship in the last century betrayed itself even in the popular vocabulary. It was then that such revealing phrases as "good as gold" and, above all, "making good" (as a synonym not for a high and virtuous life, but for the acquisition of wealth) crept into the language. Equally strange things have happened to the meanings of words having their origins in the theatre. "Showy," "stagey," "theatrical," "melodramatic," even "dramatic," are generally used as terms of abuse. In the strictest sense of the words, each and all of them, this should not be so. They should be prized as compliments. For what they really mean is that the theatre is being as excitingly true to itself, regardless of the rouge it may daub on life, as it is in "Edward, My Son."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

"Seek No Further"

(The name of an old New England apple)

By Leila Jones

ONE snake is all I need
To set the balance even:
As blossom counters weed,
As Hell is wooed by Heaven
To make this garden Eden.
How shrewdly he might barter
With a mortal unaware,
(Though of the Genus Garter,
And mild), if passing where
The orchard meets the walk
His person I should see
Coiled in the apple tree
And hear prodigious talk
Of wisdom to be won;
Fame and a lordly wit,
Since royal Solomon
Housed queens because of it,
Then, were he Lucifer,
Adroitly ringer, astir
Where "Seek No Further" falls,
How then should I believe
Him true, who softly calls:
"An apple for you, Eve?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

NAME OF PRODUCT, IDENTIFICATION, LIST PRICE	DESCRIPTION	COMMENT
Wide-range Microgroove pickup cartridges: ASTATIC LP-33 crystal cartridge. List $9.90. (Cartridge-arm combination FL-33, list $19.90. LP-78 cartridge for standard records, list $9.90.)	No preamplifier needed. Small size (¾x¾x¼) plugs in special arm (FL-33). *Almost* identical in shape Philco-Columbia unit, but won't fit. I forced it in, got fine performance . . . but risky. LP-78 cartridge plugs in for *standard records*; same shape, weight.	First full-range crystal unit for microgroove. Tiny plug-in clearly better shape than unwieldy standard-size magnetics below; which performs better is still question.
CLARKSTAN RV magnetic cartridge with removable .001" stylus. List $25. .003" stylus for standard records. List $4.	Standard shape. The only magnetic, so far, with removable stylus. Standard and microgroove points interchangeable. Sapphire point. Needs preamp.	With this unit you change needles, use same cartridge both kinds records. But weight must be adjusted: 7 grams for LP, 15-20 for standard. Fits standard arms.
PICKERING D-140S magnetic cartridge with .001 diamond point. List $60.	Standard shape, same as regular model; interchangeable via slip-in keystone mounting. Owners of standard Pickering model take note. Preamp. needed.	Professional type, with diamond point; will last indefinitely. Needle is built-in but cartridge is quickly removable. Weight 6-7 grams *maximum*. Fits standard arms.
GE VAR. RELUCTANCE magnetic cartridge with .001 sapphire point. List $7.95.	The standard GE unit, with microgroove sapphire point. Standard shape. Needle not removable. Preamp, required.	Use for separate players, since needle is not removable and cartridge is fastened in. Fits standard arms.

CREDO FOR "TECHNICAL" CRITICISM

THE above experiment in space-saving incidentally points up a creed. I assume that to make an intellectual distinction between recorded music and the complex processes by which that music is put down, reproduced, and perceived is to sever a triple relationship of such profound intimacy that the truncated parts libel any useful truth. Recorded music differs profoundly from music in the concert hall nor is it, as we begin to understand, a mere substitute. Between the composer and this audience there is more than the performer. Each step in the long, intervening electro-mechanical chain is inextricably mixed with psychological overtones of human reaction—so close to the very meaning of musical perception as to be virtually the musical reaction itself.

I find no one aspect of this musical practice lower than another; I am interested in what makes the wheels go round because in the answers are clues to the very nature of music. I would as soon discuss equalizers as equal temperament, the balance of tone as the balance of tonality—with one qualification: that the end of all this is, and must be, *heard music;* for I am a musician, not an engineer. Minus the musical end the recording business is (for me) a headless monstrosity.

I assume further, and for these reasons, that critical writing in this field should tackle the whole and all of its parts and that the same critical standards of unkept freedom should apply, for the whole. Heaven knows, there is little that is simple about the recording process; it demands intelligence equally from engineer and musician and an equally far-sighted view of the common end and purpose. Nor do I like the specious argument that esthetic criticism is a matter of opinion, whereas criticism in the manufacturing fields deals merely with fact. Fact and opinion gang together. There is no art criticism free of the solid frame of fact; conversely, the technical facts in recording are inert and useless until mustered into an ordered critical evaluation.

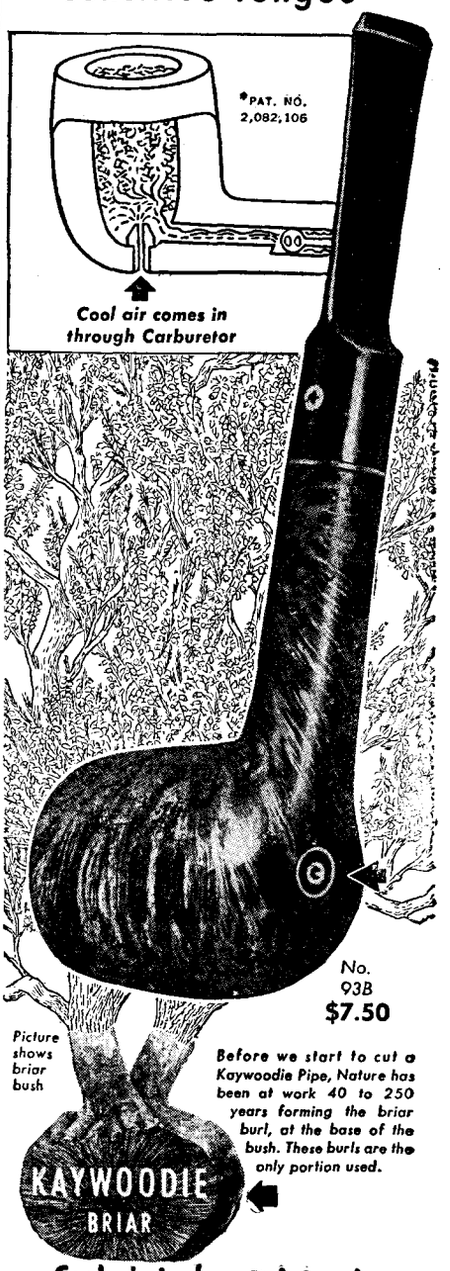
I see no difference except that of custom. The manufacturers, now, are easily shocked by adverse criticism, though they are pleased with the favorable. *Can criticism and advertising stand side by side?* In the arts —yes, because custom has it so. I believe that the technicians are already on the way to accepting honest criticism, the pro with the con, as ultimately constructive—and perhaps even stimulative of increased sales!

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

NEW CARBURETOR KAYWOODIE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

. . . for the man with a sensitive tongue


*PAT. NO. 2,082,106
Cool air comes in through Carburetor
No. 93B
$7.50
Picture shows briar bush
Before we start to cut a Kaywoodie Pipe, Nature has been at work 40 to 250 years forming the briar burl, at the base of the bush. These burls are the only portion used.
KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

Cool air is drawn into pipe through Carburetor

As you smoke this pipe, its Carburetor-Action keeps the bowl dry so that there is no "wet heel" at bottom. The Carburetor-Action improves the flavor of your tobacco. It is a very mild smoke, very welcome to those who are switching to a pipe for the first time, and to anyone who likes an extra-mild, cool pipe. Available in various shapes.

Identify by Cloverleaf ♣. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 20. Pipes of quality since 1851.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science. *The unwary might have concluded from many of the recent arguments over the pros and cons of science that the question was whether we need more, or less, science. But scientific research, for good or for evil, has burgeoned since the war, and can be expected in the next decade to revolutionize our world with mounting velocity. Since there is no retreat, the responsible citizen is faced with a rigorous alternative: to understand science and help to make it more responsive to human ends. Invaluable for this purpose will be such books as "Science, Servant of Man" (reviewed here), William Vogt's recent "Road to Survival," Professor Struik's "Yankee Science in the Making," "Alfred Cohn's "No Retreat from Reason," Melville Herskovits's "Man and His Works," Stuart Chase's "The Proper Study of Mankind," and Lincoln Barnett's forthcoming "The Universe and Dr. Einstein."*

Useless Abstractions and Nylons

SCIENCE, SERVANT OF MAN: A Layman's Primer for the Age of Science. By I. Bernard Cohen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 362 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by LOUIS RIDENOUR

THE purpose of this book is to inform the non-scientific citizen with respect to the aims, nature, and requirements of scientific research. For, as Dr. Cohen says:

> In one form or other, we are about to embark on a program of unprecedented large-scale expenditure of public funds for the support of scientific research. Since these funds come from taxes, and since their expenditure is controlled by . . . Congress, the thoughts and actions of every man and woman will influence the future course of scientific programs in America.

Dr. Cohen is concerned with the fact that each citizen is now, in effect, a lay administrator of science. He is aware that the wisdom of the future administration of science by these citizens will rest upon their general understanding of the scientific enterprise. His main point is that we cannot demand that "our scientists make 'useful' discoveries, susceptible of immediate application to pressing problems, rather than make so-called 'academic' investigations of 'useless' abstractions."

This important point is illustrated by citing several case histories of important practical advances or discoveries springing from the "academic" investigation of "useless" abstractions. The book is thus an extended reply to the Marxists, who desire to "plan science for human betterment," and to such people as Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert, who believe that, since the directed expenditure of two billion dollars got us the atomic bomb, the similarly directed expenditure of a suitable sum will buy a cure for cancer, or any other "useful" discovery that may be required by society.

Of course, scientists have always been aware that planned and directed research, since it is capable of planning and direction, can achieve only the obvious, while the genuinely revolutionary advances in technology spring into being as unexpected and unexpectable byproducts of disinterested fundamental research into the unknown. Ernest Lawrence, in a remark quoted by Cohen, says this very well. Suppose (to paraphrase Lawrence) that physicists had been asked, a hundred years ago, to develop an improved method of illumination. They would have studied the properties of fuels, the design of lamp chimneys and wicks, and so on. It is wholly unthinkable that they would have given serious thought to the twitching of frogs' legs, the action of acids on metals, the effect of waving wires in front of magnets, or any of the other phenomena whose study has given rise to the practical use of electricity, and thus made possible the electric light.

The illustrations of technical advance described by Dr. Cohen have great intrinsic interest. They include the development of hormone weed-killers (from a study of why growing plants bend toward a source of light), the development of radio and radar (from the "useless" work of Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz), the development of synthetic rubber and of nylon (from a fundamental study of polymerization — the joining together of many small molecules into single large ones), the breeding of hybrid corn (from experiments which seemed so impractical that one pioneer was forbidden to continue them at the University of Illinois), and so on.

Dr. Cohen does a little more than to attack the folly of requiring scientific research to be directed toward specific "practical" ends. He makes clear the moral ambivalence of science, pointing out that those who ask whether science is a blessing or a curse (usually this is a loaded question, implying that all the peacetime benefits of science are not worth the terror of the atomic bomb) neglect to observe that science, the servant of man, is useful for any of man's purpose. If the central aim of current society is to kill other men in a war, science will help do so; if society is organized on a sane and peaceful basis, science will enrich the harmless and the useful arts of peace.

All this is good, and it is to be hoped that many intelligent non-scientists will read Dr. Cohen's book and be convinced. However, the factual background of this book could also have been used as the basis for arguments against other lay misconceptions of science. To mention one such matter, Dr. Cohen makes a highly cogent, implicit argument against the useless policy of secrecy in fundamental science which is today so thoroughly confused with the genuine needs of military security. He does not, however, make any explicit comments on this important point.

Also, it will seem cheap, to many scientists, to rest the argument for fundamental scientific work so completely on the practical advances that are undeniably derived from scientific investigation. Most scientists are moved by disinterested curiosity, by a quasi-religious desire to extend the power and scope of human understanding. The grandeur of this concept diminishes, for the scientist, the value of the practical byproducts of his work.

Possibly the layman cannot be brought to share this vision and to think that the enrichment of man's understanding is an end worth the spending of tax money to achieve. The woolly, impractical professor is so familiar a stereotype (and one so useful to political cartoonists) that it is probably necessary to observe that, strange though it may seem, the practical business of living in modern society would be impossible without the work of such peculiar men. But the scientist knows, and the layman should be brought to realize, that the "spiritual content of human life and knowledge" (in the words of Harlow Shapley's preface) can also be enriched by the fuller understanding that science brings. Dr. Cohen does not deal with this point, but perhaps it will come to be understood by some of those who reflect on the case histories he relates.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hooraw's Nest Egg

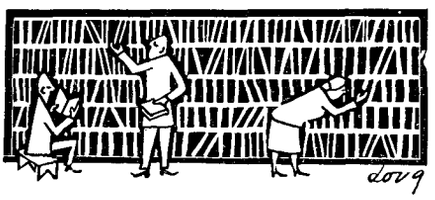
EVERYDAY MIRACLE. By Gustav Eckstein. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 235 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

THE air in Gustav Eckstein's laboratory is stitched with the yellow flight of canaries; on his desk, rosy-beaked finches fidget among his papers; a few feet away, behind a glass partition, preening, incontinent pigeons strut and couple, oblivious of his Kinseyan scrutiny. It is a room which mice may, and do, enter with poise and confidence, a room where even a henroach, *enceinte,* is accorded the obstetrical facilities of the desk drawer. A tolerated intruder in his own quarters, Gustav Eckstein walks softly, moves gently, and observes closely the daily miracles in the lives of his arrogant hosts.

Dr. Eckstein put a mouse in my memory a long time ago. I read his "Lives" with a great deal of pleasure, and his "Canary" did much to soften an intolerance which I still extend, unabridged, to other sopranos. I liked the way he consorted with small animals without patronizing them; his scientific objectivity (he is a physiologist attached to the University of Cincinnati) was never cold, his tenderness uncloyed by sentimentality. A benign, voluntary Gulliver, he made his closely-studied Lilliputia as real and as omnipresent as my own world of towering skyscrapers and soaring executives. And so I have looked forward to "Everyday Miracle." I must now regretfully record my disappointment.

For in it, a plaid of collected pieces which have appeared in various magazines, one can hear the scissors and smell the paste. As a collection it is as frowsy and helter-skelter as a hooraw's nest. Two chapters—the cat that left the house regularly each Monday night at exactly 7:45 to attend a bingo game, and the setter bitch whose feminine curiosity made her a part-time biped—are good Ripley, at best—two short, fairly tall stories, the sort that people tell at dinner-parties to other people who have also read them in *Reader's Digest.* In the sketches which deal with canaries the writing is better, there is more said, more observation, and "Lives" and "Canary" do not seem so far away and long ago. All of these pieces are given arbitrary categories: "Time," "Hunger," "Space," "Evolution," "Chemotaxis," "Sex," "Old Age," etc., tales which frequently wag these dogged little sketches clear out of their significance. Much is made of the fact that storks migrate, pigeons mate, amoebae destroy paramecia, macaws exhibit distinct personalities, dogs hear things we can't, cockroaches multiply rapidly. Two pieces called "Chemotaxis: A Cottontail Adopts a Family," and "Blood: Spanish Steed," are included for no reason I can determine other than to make the jam come out even with the toast. In "Chemotaxis" we learn, in one page, something like 180 words, that a cottontail rabbit, Dr. Eckstein was told, once lived in and around a house, seldom seen, for two and a half years, and finally came timidly into the living room, presumably seeking company. "Spanish Steed" is tentatively about a bull fight that the author didn't see, and incidentally has more padding around the middle than the wretched horses in the arena. It seems



the author, after considerable, understandable hesitation, went to a bull fight in Madrid. While waiting for the spectacle to begin, he noticed that the earth of the arena was stained a sinister terra cotta with old blood. When the picadors ride in, Dr. Eckstein walks out. He takes five pages to tell this, and devotes two of them to an apostrophe, *à la* Corwin, to Blood: ". . . . blood so precious—so cheap—so frightening to the child when it drips from its cut finger—so curious to the student—blood that flows in the vessels but clots in the wound . . . laden with corpuscles—white and red corpuscles—red because of the hemoglobin—hemoglobin a heavy-molecule pigment . . . transporter of oxygen, carbon dioxide, food, waste, hormones, vitamins . . . a shiny liquid . . . good blood—bad blood—the coward with milk for blood—the writer with ink for blood . . ." Two pages of this. But there, I shall not do to this review what Eckstein did to "Spanish Steed."

I said to myself when I began this that, despite my disappointment, I wouldn't go away mad. And here I am doing it. These are but scraps and sketches, to be sure, which were scattered, most of them, among magazines, and not intended, perhaps, to be a book. But here they are, calling themselves a book, and I cannot judge them otherwise. Gustav Eckstein can do better than this, a lot better, and I hope he will; and I hope when he does that he will not do as he did in this, and as he does for the rollicking mice in his laboratory—put out handfuls of corn to attract the general consumer.

Democracy—Made in America. Will it get past the customs inspectors? Are we trying to do big business on small capital when we attempt to sell it to the rest of the world—and ourselves?

A Little ★★ Democracy ★★ Is a ★★★★★★★★ Dangerous ★★ Thing ★★★

Charles W. Ferguson

Even before its publication Norman Cousins singled out this book, by a senior editor of *The Reader's Digest,* as one "of real importance." You no doubt read Chapter VI, printed under the caption "End as a Pawn," as the lead article in August 21st *SRL.*

Here is the case for total democracy on a world scale and a feasible plan for attaining it. It's both an indictment and a challenge.

"The question," says Mr. Ferguson, "is whether we are to determine how our affairs are to be run—or simply be told what to do: whether we are to continue with old machinery . . . or fashion new social methods by which we can form a world society and manage it after it has been formed."

You either take it or leave it, you can't ignore it; it's that kind of book. *Library Journal* calls it "thought-provoking." Harry Overstreet says it "goes straight to the center. It gives one fundamentally right answer to the question how we, as citizens, can learn to take our problems in our own hands."

A unique feature of this book is the incorporation, right in the text, of critical comments on Ferguson's thesis by Sir Norman Angell, Chester S. Williams, Lionel Curtis, Henry D. Chaplin and other political thinkers. Get this stimulating treat of lucid thinking and vivid writing at your bookstore. $1.50

Association Press

347 Madison Avenue New York 17, N. Y.

In Canada: G. R. Welch Co., Ltd., Toronto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LINGUAPHONE

is your Passport to the World

In your own home, alone or in a group, you can now learn to speak

SPANISH • PORTUGUESE
FRENCH • RUSSIAN
ITALIAN • GERMAN

or any of 23 other languages by the world-famous

LINGUAPHONE
Conversational METHOD

You learn the new language by listening to voices of native teachers. It is amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded. Educators hail Linguaphone as a notable advance in simplifying the mastery of languages. That is why so many Linguaphone Sets are used in schools, colleges, universities, as an aid to *fluent* speaking.

Available to Veterans under G I BILL OF RIGHTS

SEND FOR FREE BOOK
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
26 RCA BUILDING, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
26 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.
I am ☐, am not ☐ a World War II Veteran
I want to learn.....language.
Name .....
Address..... City.....

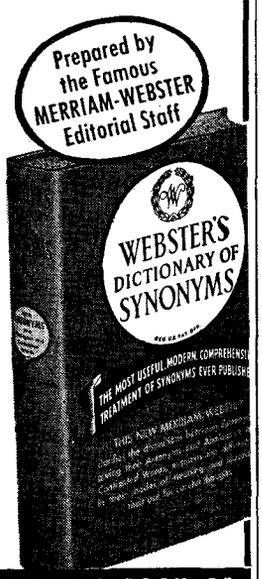
USE THE *Right* WORD— IN THE *Right* PLACE!

Here's the Most Useful, Modern, Comprehensive Guide to Synonyms Published

Makes Synonyms Easy to Find
Explains and Illustrates Their Use

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS clarifies distinctions between Synonyms, giving their Antonyms and Analogous and Contrasted Words, explains differences in their shades of meaning, and illustrates usage. Alphabetical listing and cross-indexing of every entry. Over 900 pages, thumb index, $5.00. At your bookdealer, or from the publishers, G.&C.MERRIAM CO., 800 Federal St., Springfield 2, Mass.

Buy Give-a-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller


Prepared by the Famous MERRIAM-WEBSTER Editorial Staff
WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS
THE MOST USEFUL, MODERN, COMPREHENSIVE TREATMENT OF SYNONYMS EVER PUBLISHED

THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER BOOK OF SYNONYMS
An Essential Tool for Writers and Speakers

FICTION'S FOURTH DIMENSION

(*Continued from page 9*)

edited by herself, by two collaborators, by me, and by the editors of Houghton, Mifflin Company; and it is presumably true that all diaries which find book publication are subjected to a similar process—and to that extent are subject to rigid questioning.

Aside from published contemporary documents, and unpublished letters and diaries, the most trustworthy source materials may well be contemporary newspapers. Once published, the daily or weekly newspaper acquires a certain irrevocability. Unless an entire edition is recaptured and destroyed or reprinted, the newspaper is not subject to revision. "The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line. . . ." To read the newspapers of the day may not give the writer an accurate picture of events, but it will tell him what—on that particular day—people thought was true; and it will also tell him what they wore, what they bought and sold, what their dollars would buy, what plays they saw, what actors and actresses they admired, what books they read. He will learn a thousand details of everyday life which he can learn in no other way. Portable houses were sold in Richmond after the fire in 1865. Men had fountain pens. At least one Southern editor thought the indignation at General Butler's order dealing with New Orleans women was simulated, not genuine—and not justifiable. A speech in the English House of Lords, advocating recognition of the Confederacy, on the ground that victory for the North would be followed by an attempt by the North to conquer the world, might with a few changes read like a denunciation of Hitler in 1939. An expert on highway construction predicted in 1897 that the automobile, with rubber tires, would be so harmless to highways that the expense of road construction would be greatly reduced. An American naval expert predicted in 1940 or 1941 that war with Japan would result in victory for the United States within six weeks. These facts are to be found in newspapers, not elsewhere; they are more enlightening than many a formal volume.

In published books, in newspapers of the day, and in unpublished manuscripts, the author can find substantially all he needs or wishes to know; substantially all, but not all. He cannot, except by occasional circumstantial evidence, hear conversation; he cannot know how people talked. In the future, writing of today, the author will listen to phonograph recordings of speeches, songs, plays, broad-

Design for a Tapestry

By Louis Kent

HERE we seat the red robed King,
Here the kirtled Queen in blue;
And her we give the golden child.

Dress the lords in sable coats,
Dress the knights in silver mail;
Let the bishop hold his hat.
Give these ladies, bright and pale,
One a greyhound on a leash,
One a falcon for her wrist;
And the huntsman hand his spear.

And all around weave serving men
And clumsy girls, and underneath
Tie scullions to the kitchen floor
And boundmen to the turnip bed.
Let swineherds chase a foaming boar
Into the umbered acorn grove.

And there Diana shall peer forth
As if she saw Actaeon stand
A huntsman in that Christian land:
And at her wonderment the hill
Of stamping unicorns is still.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

casts; but the author today, writing of the past, cannot do this. He must in writing dialogue seek to be plausible and inconspicuous, must avoid making his reader pause and protest: "People did not say that then." Even if he has authority for the use of slang phrases, it is dangerous to use any which are familiar to modern ears. The fact that a person in 1775 might have referred to a young man as a "drip" or a "jerk" does not justify allowing a character to do that in fiction, because to do so distracts the reader's attention. Much of our modern slang is older than we think. In Mrs. Chesnut's original diary, speaking of an incident which mightily pleased one of her relatives, she said, "That was nuts for the Judge." But an author who allowed a character to use that slang phrase in a novel of the 1860's would risk distracting his readers.

TO write historical novels is to attempt to recreate some portion of the past. The first thing that the novelist discovers, when he begins to study the past, is that there is nothing new under the sun. The prophets were as consistently wrong in 1775, in 1812, in 1860, and in 1914 as they were in 1939, or in 1942. Germans, said the propaganda, crucified Canadians in Belgium in 1914; Southerners, said the propaganda, crucified Yankees at First Manassas. Profiteers, hoarders, deserters, draft dodgers,—there were as many in 1776 and in 1864 as in 1918 or 1943. Statesmen as regularly said they believed things which actually they did not believe in 1812 as in 1942. The ordinary man and woman as readily pretended to believe statements they knew were lies in 1864 as in 1918 or in 1945. The abrogation of common sense, the credulity of terror, the factitious hatred of the enemy; such manifestations persist through history. The newspapers as eagerly distorted facts to please their readers, or stated as true what they knew could not be true, in the past as in the present. In late June and early July 1863 as many Southerners believed Lee had captured Philadelphia and Baltimore as Americans in 1940 believed the British fleet had entered Oslo Harbor and ordered the Germans out. The war pattern is always the same. Only names are changed.

No man knows himself unless he knows his ancestors; no nation knows itself unless it knows its past. A knowledge of American history derived from a semester's study of a 250-page textbook is worse than no knowledge at all. The valid historical novel may synthesize the contents of half a thousand volumes in a few hundred pages; the matter included in one chapter in a textbook may go to make a hundred such novels. To write such novels is not only to amuse, to entertain; it is to give the reader some knowledge of at least one aspect of his country's past.

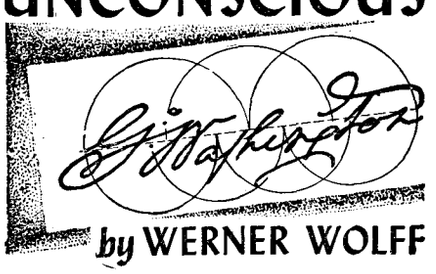
And it is important for every citizen to have this knowledge; for by knowing the past he can more intelligently know the present. The text of every sound historical novel is the same. There is no past; the past is now.

Are character and moods visible in a signature ?

What insight can you gain from the handwriting of your business or professional associates, your employer, your friends, your wife, your children?

Much has been speculated on what handwriting has to do with personality. Detailed scientific proof is now available in a dynamic study of expressive behavior. . . .

DIAGRAMS of the UNCONSCIOUS



by WERNER WOLFF

The pioneering psychologist of Bard College shows how the elusive facets of personality and human relationships become visible in handwriting.

The book is full of practical clues to constancy of character, latent traits, true and masked behavior. You see in striking examples how emotions, remembrances, and expectations are projected into signatures, what symbols mean, and how past behavior may be reconstructed and its future direction predicted.

Dr. Wolff analyzes signatures of

political leaders
artists
scientists
children
blind persons
mentally ill
criminals

- *Scoring chart and practical guide make application easy*

420 pages
322 illustrations
$8.00

At your bookstore
or order on approval from the publishers
return privilege within two weeks

GRUNE & STRATTON, Publishers
381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE BLONDE WHO COULD WHISTLE BIRD CALLS

IN PARIS a short time ago an American gentleman walked into the government's newly reopened tourist bureau and, with a straight face said, "Do you think you could find me a pretty girl with green eyes and blonde hair who can whistle bird calls?"

The request was jotted down with an equally straight face by Jean Thesmar a tall, gaunt employee of the Commissariat Général au Tourisme whose job it is to function as an all-round Aladdin to the thousands of tourists, diplomats, and celebrities who flock to Paris in times of peace.

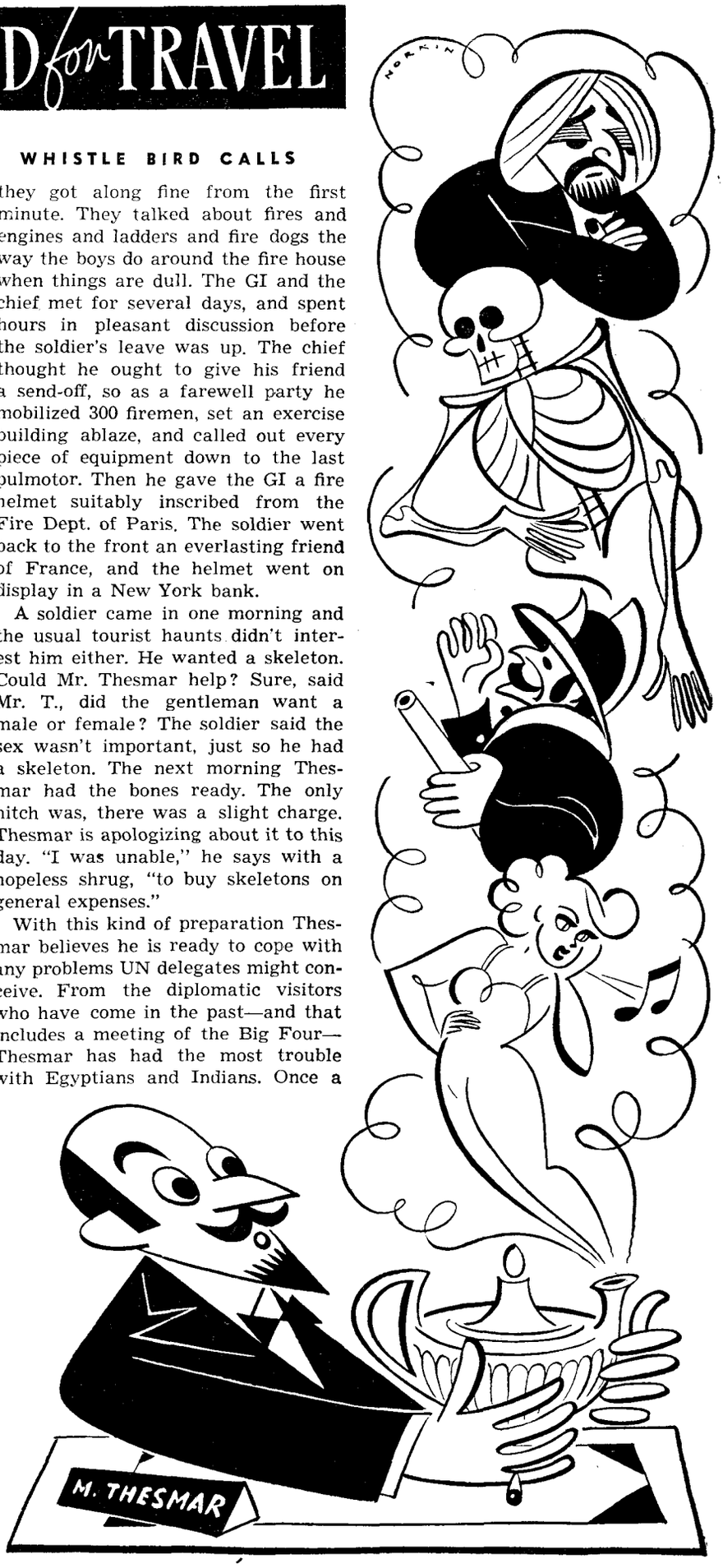
When it comes to the diplomats there is nobody who can concoct a more peculiar request, Thesmar says. The autumn crop of international arbiters is, of course, one of the largest ever assembled in Paris. The meeting of the UN General Assembly in the Palais de Chaillot has brought no less than 5,000 people to the city. Of these, 2,000 are members of the fifty-eight different delegations. Over 1,500 are correspondents accredited to the meeting. Six hundred are members of the regular secretariat, and more than 350 others have been recruited abroad. The overall list includes sound engineers, index analysts, legal counselors, deputy comptrollers, office machine operators, verbatim reporters, nurses, précis writers, mimeograph supervisors, and Trygve Lie.

To this assemblage of workers for world peace Thesmar and the Commissariat must be lawyer, confessor, bureau of missing persons, lost-and-found, ticket broker, translator in a dozen languages, and obtainer of items that are unobtainable.

Thesmar got his baptism of tourist trouble-shooting in the days following the liberation when there were more khaki-clad Americans in Paris than there were Parisians. He soon developed a reputation among the Americans for an uncanny ability to produce the impossible. One day a huge GI presented himself at the tourist office, homesick and unhappy. Tickets for the Folies Bergère and sightseeing tours of the city held no interest for him. Only one thing made the soldier's eyes sparkle — fire engines. Thesmar thought a minute, then reached for the phone. Soon he had the fire chief of the city of Paris on the wire and they went into earnest consultation. The chief agreed to meet the GI, and the way Thesmar tells it, they got along fine from the first minute. They talked about fires and engines and ladders and fire dogs the way the boys do around the fire house when things are dull. The GI and the chief met for several days, and spent hours in pleasant discussion before the soldier's leave was up. The chief thought he ought to give his friend a send-off, so as a farewell party he mobilized 300 firemen, set an exercise building ablaze, and called out every piece of equipment down to the last pulmotor. Then he gave the GI a fire helmet suitably inscribed from the Fire Dept. of Paris. The soldier went back to the front an everlasting friend of France, and the helmet went on display in a New York bank.

A soldier came in one morning and the usual tourist haunts didn't interest him either. He wanted a skeleton. Could Mr. Thesmar help? Sure, said Mr. T., did the gentleman want a male or female? The soldier said the sex wasn't important, just so he had a skeleton. The next morning Thesmar had the bones ready. The only hitch was, there was a slight charge. Thesmar is apologizing about it to this day. "I was unable," he says with a hopeless shrug, "to buy skeletons on general expenses."

With this kind of preparation Thesmar believes he is ready to cope with any problems UN delegates might conceive. From the diplomatic visitors who have come in the past—and that includes a meeting of the Big Four—Thesmar has had the most trouble with Egyptians and Indians. Once a



. . . Soap, hoses playing, and an international ruckus.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

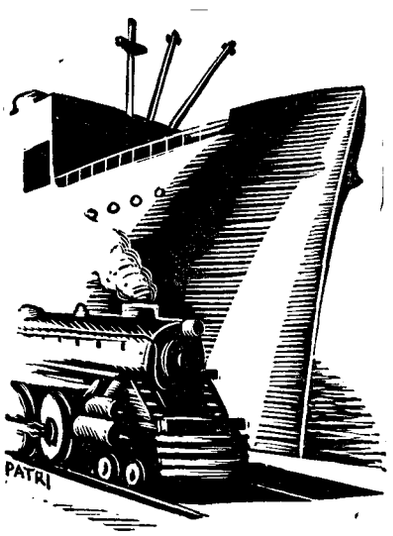
prominent Egyptian who was married to a beautiful woman twenty years his junior had to send his wife to Tours. Gasoline being in short supply at the time, he prevailed upon Thesmar to get him a car and make the necessary arrangements. Thesmar decided to use his own official car and notified the lady. At the last minute a Canadian newspaperman who also wanted to go to Tours turned up, and Thesmar sent him along with the beautiful lady. When the Egyptian found out that an unattached man accompanied his unchaperoned wife he considered the car defiled, and his wife dishonored. He set off an international ruckus, and finally challenged the Canadian to a duel.

At the time of the Big-Four conference in Paris, many commodities were extremely hard to find in France. At the very head of the list was soap. Thesmar's office was asked to find not just plain soap, but soap that had been manufactured without animal fat. It was urgently wanted by an Indian delegate whose religion forbade the use of soap made with pig grease.

Another Indian, the Honorable Sir Khizar Hayat Khan from Punjab, who wore a turban, needed some starch to keep his headdress in shape. Starch is made from rice, and none had been seen in Paris since the Japs marched into Indo-China. Undaunted, Thesmar put eleven assistants on eleven telephones and scoured all of France for a trace of starch. In a little village 600 kilometers from Paris some starch was finally found. It was sent by car to Lyon, flown to Paris, and delivered to the potentate as if the breathless Thesmar had been keeping a piece in the bottom drawer of his desk for just such an emergency.

The wife of Herbert Evatt, the Australian delegate to the UN once asked to visit Paris at night by boat. There were no boats available at the time, so Thesmar enlisted the city's fireboat. The Evatts set sail on the Seine with all the hoses playing.

A Brazilian minister asked to visit several Paris museums, the Arabian Mosque, and the Prison of the Conciergerie, where so much bloodshed took place during the French Revolution. However, the Brazilian wanted to see these places alone, at night, after they had been closed to the public. A Chinese came in looking for a Serbian language teacher with a Chinese background who could teach him Serbian. One visitor was on doctor's orders to take olive oil in daily doses. He was unable to find any in Paris and appealed to Thesmar. The tourist office found some at a church supply company which kept a little on hand for the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where olive oil is used to celebrate mass.



One of the first American visitors after the war reported she had just seen a bicycle ad in a subway, and the man in the picture looked exactly like her third husband. Perhaps, she thought, Thesmar could help her get a copy of the ad. She wanted to send it to her first husband to let him know how well she was doing now.

Then there was the visiting diplomat who was trying to find the address of a Paris gendarme with whom he had struck up a casual acquaintance twenty years before. Thesmar found the cop all right. He had long since retired, and was living now at Blidah, in Algeria.

Each odd request and every new diplomatic conclave face Thesmar like a challenge. He is a great admirer of the direct ways of Americans, and is rather pleased that it took an American to throw him for his first and only loss. The pretty girl with the green eyes and the blonde hair who could whistle bird calls was the only request that ever stumped this particular expert.

HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

IN SEARCH OF SOUTH AFRICA. By H. V. Morton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 359 *pp.* $4.

The tireless feet of H. V. Morton have plodded in search of Scotland, Ireland, England, and Wales. He is also remembered for two Biblical odysseys, "In the Steps of the Master" and "In the Steps of St. Paul."

Written in his usual first person, Morton's latest book becomes a personal adventure rather than a guide. But his observations are so rich and varied, a reader in search of South Africa will certainly be able painlessly to absorb most of the guidebook details without guide-book tedium.

The book is illustrated here and there with photographs that are less inpired than the plump text.

ALONG YOSEMITE TRAILS. By Josef Muench. New York: Hastings House. 1948. 101 *pp.* $2.75.

In the Hastings House picture-book tradition, Josef Muench has produced a thin book of nice, clean post-card photographs of Yosemite. Mr. Muench's photographs are mostly straightforward, in-full-sunlight shots of the mountains, the bears, the lakes, the rock formations, and sometimes the mountain flowers. The back endpapers carry a clear, readable map of the park which spots the location of several of the tourist facilities.

THE GREATER CITY. Edited by Allan Nevins and John A. Krout. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 260 *pp.* $3.

The latest in a run of books published to commemorate New York's Golden Jubilee, "The Greater City" is a five-part work by five different authors, six if you count the foreword by the perennial Grover Whalen. Allan Nevins dips into the past fifty years of New York history in order to set the mood and capture the spirit of the city. Mr. Nevins, Columbia University professor, Pulitzer Prize winner, and one of Gotham's most prolific writers, certainly is the man for the job. A chapter tracing the regimes of the New York mayors all the way to O'Dwyer has been contributed by Carl Carmer, who has written with equal warmth about Alabama's folklore and New York's Hudson River.

There are a number of illustrations which suffer as much from the wages of time as they do from the inadequacy of the offset reproduction.

Where will you
spend your winter?

Many who have traveled widely believe that Santa Fe has the finest year-round climate in America.

To enjoy the magnificent country, the Indians and ancient cliff dwellings, the art colony and music that make Santa Fe the cultural center of the Southwest, discriminating people return year after year to Bishop's Lodge.

Located in a beautiful valley three miles from the plaza of old Santa Fe, The Lodge offers comfortable, inviting accommodations and delicious, well-planned meals.

American Plan prices from $70.00 weekly. For descriptive literature and full information write Earl Vance, Manager

The **BISHOP'S LODGE**
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FULL HARVEST

WHILE New York City closes its Golden Jubilee, and October frosts paint the garnered fields and the trees with russet gold, the harvest of books for boys and girls reaches its peak. As we suggested earlier, it is a year of great variety. If the color printing in some of the picture books leaves much to be desired, their authors and artists have brought both humor and imagination to their making. Dr. Suess's "Thadwick" and Louis Slobodkin's "Hustle and Bustle" wisely use only bits of flat color to accent the black and white. Marie Ets's "Little Old Automobile" is entirely black and white—a distinguished piece of printing. All three are picture books and sure to bring delighted chuckles from children of all ages. Using their unique method, the Parin d'Aulaires' "Nils" is as completely satisfying in its color as their "Ola" was years ago. James Daugherty's dramatic picture book of "The Wild West" loses value by using color. On the whole, the picture-book group this year is exciting and amusing.

Perhaps the strongest group this year, however, is the adventure stories and the biography for older boys and girls. In them we find good research, stirring plots, and excellent writing. Books like André Norton's "Scarface," and the Bakeless biography of Daniel Boone will be read by the younger generation for many a long day. It is a good harvest in a year when the world of books, as well as all other phases of living, is facing difficult problems.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

ALL AROUND THE TOWN. By Phyllis McGinley. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. *No paging.* $2.

THE author and artist of "The Horse Who Lived Upstairs" and "The Plain Princess" present a picture book in black and white and in rich color in which each letter of the alphabet shows a scene in a city that has an especial appeal to small boys and girls—the things that they see and register as they go about the streets. Children all over the United States—and all over the world, for that matter,—will wonder and laugh over its pages. The "town" is unquestionably New York. This is proven by the tall buildings, by the slender bridges with their lights strung across the night sky, and even more by "the daring young man on the flying trapeze" above the fountain in Rockefeller Plaza. One of the nicest of the verses that go with the drawings is "Q for Quietness"—the quietness that comes to city streets when they are covered deep with snow. It will recall to all native New Yorkers our streets on December 26, 1947. Another fascinating one is "W for Windows," with the twinkling lights in the tall buildings along the river front and on the bridges. "K is for Kindergarten" dramatizes children's faces, happy and unselfconscious, completely absorbed in what they are doing. The children themselves may prefer "C is for Circus" or "G is for the Gay Good Humor Man." It is a book that the entire family will enjoy. It is a perfect book to place under the Christmas tree.

NOW IT'S FALL. By Lois Lenski. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. *No paging.* $1.

This is a "little book," printed in red and gold. It tells in pictures and a short text the story of the coming of autumn, the bright leaves, the crisp days, the scent of dry leaves burning. At the end, the Thanksgiving turkey appears, as brown and crisp as the autumn leaves.

THIDWICK THE BIG-HEARTED MOOSE. Written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. New York: Random House. 1948. *No paging.* $2.

A new picture book by Dr. Seuss, the first since "Horton Hatches the Egg," is going to make a very merry Christmas for thousands of boys and girls. It is a ridiculous tale of a kindly moose who allowed birds, bees, animals, and various other things to make a home in his horns. When the moose-moss gave out on his side of the lake, these visitors refused to allow him to cross to the other side, saying that they were his guests and should be treated with more consideration. Finally hunters from the Harvard Club attacked Thidwick—and his guests—and Thidwick realized, just in time, that the day had come for him to shed his old antlers and get new ones. The old antlers are preserved on the wall of the Harvard Club with the guests still on them, neatly stuffed, and Thidwick is free once more to join his moose companions. The verses that tell this sad tale are very funny indeed, and the drawings of Thidwick are a delight, from the first page to the last.

NILS. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. *No paging.* $2.50.

For their new picture book, in the format of "Ola," the Parin d'Aulaires have selected as a hero an American boy whose father and mother came from Norway. Wherever Nils goes he is followed by a dog and a cat—delightful characters. His Norwegian grandmother sends him a pair of long, gaily-patterned stockings, and when he wears them the children at school call him a "sissy." Then Nils has a midnight adventure, and finds that the stockings have a value of their own—a value that is proved later on by the winter cold. Nils is a real boy, seen against the background of the enchanting design and details that the lithographs by these two artists always provide. The dog and the cat, the little frogs in the pool, the faces of the children, the background of an American farm are all printed in soft black and white and in color.

SCARFACE. By André Norton. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorkland. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 263 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS is an exciting story of the pirates of Tortuga when Sir Robert Scarlett was the English governor of Bridgetown in the Barbados. Scarface, who had been brought up as a pirate under the notorious Captain Cheap, helps Major Cocklyn when he is taken prisoner on Cheap's pirate ship and goes with him to Bridgetown. There he is given the Queen's Pardon, but later he is caught again by Cheap and, when the pirates are defeated in a thrilling battle, condemned to death. In a final dramatic

—From "Scarface."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene, Cheap reveals that Scarface is Sir Robert's own son, taken as a baby from a scuttled British ship.

Older readers will compare this well-written and -plotted story with Howard Pyle. It has humor and atmosphere and action that never falter. Even the minor characters are sharply drawn. It is "strong meat." There is no softening of the brutality and coarseness of the "men from the sea." To older boys and girls and to adults it will probably emerge as one of the outstanding adventure stories of the year. It is an attractive looking book with full-page drawings and chapter headings done in black and white.

PLAYTIME IN CHERRY STREET. By Pamela Bianco. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 95 *pp.* $2.

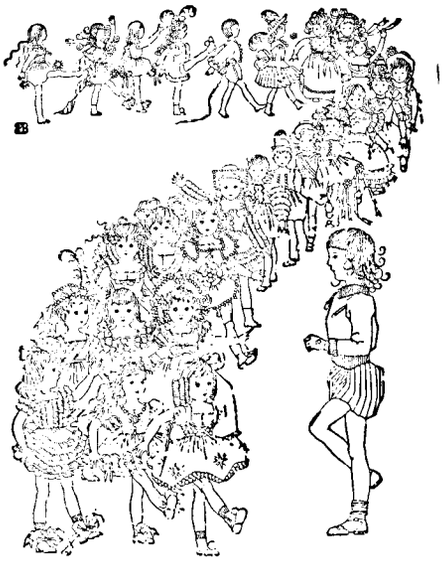
This is a story book for the younger boys and girls. Christine and Martin lived on Cherry Street. Christine had a doll, a teddy bear, and two toy pandas. Martin had a life-size toy Scottie and a very large toy rabbit whose insides held all sorts of treasures. They play together, and the story ends with their first day in school. There is humor and understanding in the story, and the exquisite designs and full-page illustrations in black and white make the book a treasure for grown-ups as well as for children. Perhaps the loveliest of all the drawings is the one on page 33 that shows the procession of the dolls.

FIGHTING FRONTIERSMAN: The Life of Daniel Boone. By John Bakeless. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 260 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS book should be accepted as the best biography for young people of America's greatest frontier hero. It is based on the author's standard work, "Daniel Boone, Master of the Wilderness," and is every bit as fascinating. Though designed for younger readers, it bears no traces of condescension and its literary style and historical content will satisfy adult tastes. The illustrations are excellent.

It begins with Boone's Quaker ancestors in England and moves smoothly on to the great days in Kentucky. There Boone, who hated war and never took a scalp, became the greatest Indian fighter of all time. The book is packed with adventures more exciting than fiction. Bear hunts and Indian fights are almost continuous, not to make sensational reading but because such things really filled Boone's life. The style is admirably restrained even in such tense scenes as the Indian kidnapping of Boone's daughter, the death of his son at the battle of Blue Licks, the memorable day when Simon Kenton saved his leader's life three times and finally carried him inside the stockade, and the heroic work of the women water carriers at Bryan's Station, a story of feminine bravery unsurpassed in American history.

Boone's land troubles are briefly and clearly explained, but not in a way to beg pity for the old man—an admirable touch. Tricked out of a hundred thousand acres of the best land in Kentucky, he took to the trail again when past seventy, with his



—*From "Playtime in Cherry Street."*

head as high and his hand as steady as ever.

In Missouri he found peace, and there death, which never had and never could shake his spirit, caught up with him at the age of eighty-six

MERRITT P. ALLEN.

BUFFALO GOLD. By Geraldine Wyatt. Illustrated by E. A. Furman New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 184 *pp.* $2.25.

IT was in 1873 that the Hull family, father, mother, son, and daughter, came across the prairie in a covered wagon drawn by two oxen and took up a claim in Kansas. The boy, Anson, had a love of the land in his blood. He endured the dark, damp dug-out, the long drouth, the harsh winds because his eyes were always on the future. He saw a neat frame house, acres of golden wheat, fleet horses to ride and drive, comfort and security for his mother and sister. It was Anson's spirit more than any other element that brought the family through the first difficult years. He it was who found the Russian "Red Turkey" wheat seed and reaped the first Kansas harvest of winter wheat. His was the true pioneer hope and patience. And yet Anson was very much a real boy. This is a fine story of the American pioneer and of the good American earth.

THE MAGIC FOREST. By Patricia Fent Ross. Illustrated by Carlos Merida. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

IT is unfortunate that the title of this book should be the same as Stewart Edward White's delightful, imaginative story of the Canadian woods. The title, however, is all that the two books have in common.

This is the story of the orphaned Perez twins, Coco and Concha, who were washing vegetables in the market place for Mrs. Gonzalez when a strange little man in green lured them away. In the coolness of a lovely forest the little man became even smaller, as small, in fact, as an elf. And then their adventures with elves and fairies and the animals that lived in this strange forest began. The laws of the forest were supposed to keep all the animals living together in trust and happiness, but Raul the Fox was ever a thorn in the flesh. Coco and Concha wanted the laws governing the forest creatures to be absolutely consistent, but they soon found that there was no more consistency among animals than among men. By the fairies' magic the bears who had come to conquer the magic forest were defeated, but Raul and the peccaries, "who were only wild pigs and so were not socially acceptable," turned against their benefactors and destroyed the fairy magic so that elves, fairies, and even the forest itself disappeared.

There is some charm in this fairy tale with a Mexican background, and some amusing analogies, but it grows a bit dull and monotonous at times. It lacks the roundness and substance of convincing fairy lore.

RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

SUNNYCOVE. By Amelia Elizabeth Walden. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

IT was Vicky Lind's brother Gus who realized Vicky's dramatic talent. He had given her lessons in acting and speech for years. It was Gus who sent her to the student workshop of Sunnycove Playhouse, a Connecticut summer theatre. Everything about her summer was a wonderful experience for Vicky, from the little town, so clean after the grime of her own mining town, the students' boarding-house, and the novelty of the sea to the exhilaration of a real stage experience.

Vicky had always been conscious of one obstacle to her success as an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

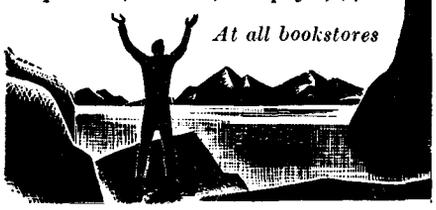
Great religious stories from Ancient to modern times

Golden Legends

Collected by
SAMUEL CUMMINGS
Introduction by ALSON J. SMITH

A rich treasure of religious writing from the Old Testament to such modern writers as Don Marquis, John Steinbeck and Selma Lagerlöf. Here indeed is rewarding reading—45 stories of man's religious experience through the ages as re-created by the great writers of each period. *45 stories, 560 pages, $4.00*

At all bookstores



PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY
new york

JAMES M. FOX author of Death Commits Bigamy

will have you staring in disbelief at the things some people do to dispose of **THE Inconvenient Bride**

$2.00 at all bookstores

GARGOYLE MYSTERY

COWARD-McCANN

To keep in touch with the best in today's poetry read

THE POETRY CHAP-BOOK

$1 yearly brings you this distinguished quarterly which has printed the work of William Rose Benét, Richard Eberhart, Ruth Pitter, David Morton, Howard Griffin, Leonora Speyer, Struthers Burt, R. P. T. Coffin, etc.

7th CONSECUTIVE YEAR

Edited by Sydney King Russell, Dorothy Quick, and Isabel Harriss Barr. Published by Gustav Davidson.

227 East 45th St., New York 17

actress; though she had acting ability she was not pretty, and she herself was not aware of the "beauty inside" that more than compensated for a plain face against this handicap, and the more serious one of the antagonism and jealousy of a beautiful girl. Gus's training, which had been not only technically thorough but wise and understanding, stood her in good stead. His faith in her as a person, as well as in her talent, helped her over the hurdles. Her final success was a tribute to his wisdom as well as to her own ability.

The background of a summer theatre is interesting and well-drawn. In addition there is a refreshing quality to the little seaside town. Vicky's friendship with Peter Bradford, a native and one of a seafaring family, gives balance to her summer and adds interest to the story. It has all the requisites of an absorbing novel for older girls.

R. H. V.

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 12)

brell has somehow made a chemical blend between the course of Anson Jones's life in Texas and the course of Texas history from the time (1821) that Stephen F. Austin brought in the first English-speaking colonists, through the revolution against Mexico that (1836) resulted in an independent republic, then on through the turbulent years as an impotent nation until the Lone Star flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes were raised and the retiring president said: "The Republic of Texas is no more." Here history develops along with the unfolding of a human mind and nature and, furthermore, with advancing insight into the man's character. In quality, this evolutionary advance is that found in great plays and novels, in "The Brothers Karamazov" especially. The achievement is high art.

Anson Jones was always "a singularly isolated man." Despite office-holding, he was never in any popular current. While the Texan Congress was by resolution ordering the boundaries of the Republic moved westward to the Pacific Ocean and southward to the Tropic of Cancer, Anson Jones judged that Texas could "not afford to raise another crop of heroes." Unlike the "Hero of San Jacinto," as Sam Houston regarded himself, Anson Jones had a cultivated mind and considered good literature as one of the staples of life. He was in harmony with the Congress of his administration to about the extent that Woodrow Wilson, in his latter days, was with his. This Congress voted to admit Bibles to Texas duty free but saw no reason why professional men and "gentlemen of literary leisure who have no other means of disposing of their time" should not pay duties on books. Committeemen of the House of Representatives wrestling with the subject declared that "most books are the light luxuries of men of wealth and literary leisure . . . calculated to pamper a vicious and depraved literary taste."

Without going beyond documented facts, Mr. Gambrell gets inside his character as easily as most historians make footnotes to outside events. When he comments, always with economy, the phrase is felicitous. "Jones learned the manners, without incurring the expense, of gracious living." With humor that often rises to glee and with an abiding tolerance, he has sifted tons of records for the detail that reveals motives and lights up the times. At a political rally, Senator William Lawrence, who was violently against annexation,

> had steamed up too high for the occasion. Though an admirable speaker, upon taking the platform he gazed vacantly at the crowd and in a moment more measured his full length upon the floor. The chairman, who was an ardent annexationist and a very ready man, pointed with his one arm at the prostrate man and said most emphatically, in a loud tone: "Gentlemen, Colonel Lawrence has the floor." This settled the question, and the gathering with much merriment left the hall.

Not a great man, Anson Jones was a complex man. His dignity and nobility made the interplay between him and the society in which he moved more complex. The end, as inevitable as that in "King Lear," was tragic. With power and skill and play of wit, Herbert Gambrell has gone down into a human soul.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page 20*)

over the book; the tragedy of little failures, of little people going down before ruthless forces which take no account of human values. One by one the small farms fall into decay, one by one the farmers place their many children and their few belongings on rickety wagons or automobiles to move on to new places to repeat the old pattern. The cultivated patches return to the waste of the encroaching desert. One or two families, a little stronger, or with a mite more money, hold on a little longer than the rest but the end is always the same. The water will be held back or distributed according to the interests of absentee dictators. But the outcome is not entirely hopeless since the ferment is beginning to spread, the facts are becoming known, and the short-term spoliation of natural resources is having more and more trouble keeping alive the goose that lays its golden eggs.

"Communist" Christians

BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS. By Naomi Mitchison. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 499 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

NAOMI MITCHISON has probably been the most imaginative and successful re-creator of life in the classic period among writers of English in our times. This new novel does not have the high imaginative quality of "The Corn King and the Spring Queen," that novel of legendary experience among the Scythians and the Greeks. It lacks also the sharp intensity of "Black Sparta," which for many remains the most memorable picture of the strengths and weaknesses of the almost incredible Spartans. But it has great merits of its own, even if swift narrative is not one of them.

She has taken the very birth time of the earliest Christian churches as her subject; St. Paul and St. Luke are both characters in the story; and Nero's (really Tigellinus's) slaughter of the Christian martyrs by wild beasts at the games in the amphitheatre is the climax of the novel.

The scene is Rome; the personnel is drawn chiefly from the slaves of wealthy patricians; and the movement of the book is a progress through love and danger of the new religion of Christianity, which is at this time almost undoctrinal, entirely untheological, and winning in the very root sense of that word. Like a subdued accompaniment in a concert, the spirit of Christ spreads from slave to slave while their outer life is subservience in the gaudy, decadent, brutal ostentation of first-century Rome, at a climax of its moral breakdown. And this scene in the undisputed capital of the world is viewed through the eyes of these humble revolutionaries of the spirit, who already are confident that they will destroy the *Res Publica,* the hated "Thing" embodied in the triumph of the state over the individual, and will become—as Christianity did in three centuries—the new masters of Europe.

The slaves are Greeks, Germans, Nubians, Asiatics, some barbarous, some more cultivated than their Roman masters, but all at the mercy of the Thing, the Roman state with its law which provided rights only for freemen and particularly Roman citizens. But others look with curiosity and fear at this prosperous world visibly declining in everything that guarantees morality and civilization. There are the old patricians, Stoics all, but horrified by the new servile religion, which desires to overturn the existing order. There is Eric, the captured son of a British king, whose sense of justice and hatred of cruelty (obviously meant for modern English traits) slowly swing him away from the aristocratic masters to the religion of the slaves, until he dies willingly with them in the arena.

It is impossible not to consider this book a *tendenz* novel, timely, and intended to be so. This is not all of the story, but it is an important part. For this early Christianity is intensely Communistic and pacifistic, is definitely a New Way of living, not merely a faith. And yet to call this a Communistic novel in the current sense of the term would be a violent error. These Communist Christians wish to overturn the classic order, but not by force. Love and fellowship and courage to live according to the Way are their weapons. The great enemy is precisely the Thing, the state, the dictatorship. Their kind of Communism would have few pauses on the way to Siberia in Russia today.

"Blood of the Martyrs" would make a great motion picture, of the scene-by-scene type, where the build-up is by telling episodes and striking characters rather than by plot.

FRITZ THYSSEN

(*Continued from page 24*)

responsible examination of the manuscript. When I get back to New York, I'd like to show it to you.

"But meeting Thyssen in open court is out. It couldn't prove anything and it would just be a matter of charges and counter-charges."

We discussed the events leading up to Reves's decision to publish the book. Reves said that Thyssen was correct in saying that the book was published without his (Thyssen's) specific authorization, as required by the contract.

"As I wrote in the foreword to the book, at first I felt bound by the agreement. But I soon recognized that what the book had to say was much too important at that critical point in the war—remember, this was 1941—to withhold it from publication. Persons I respected advised me to publish at once. They reasoned that if Thyssen had been put in a concentration camp, he was probably dead. If he was still alive, then nothing could save him. In any event, I felt that personal considerations—even those of individual safety—were not as important as being able to strike a blow against Hitlerism, which this book did so well.

"And so I published it—exactly as it was dictated and corrected by Thyssen. I am sorry if the book made his lot harder in the concentration camp. But I am glad that the book was published, because it did what I hoped it would do. If Thyssen is in trouble now because of it, I can only say his lawyers don't recognize a good case when they have one."

I asked Reves for a statement *SRL* might publish in connection with its account of the Thyssen case. He prepared one forthwith; it is to be found on page 23 of this issue.

* * *

Last week, the de-Nazification court at Koenigstein absolved Fritz Thyssen of being a "major" Nazi. He was declared a "minor" Nazi. And in making that decision, the court has lent its weight—directly or indirectly—to Thyssen's charges against the book. For the main counts against Thyssen had originally been based on this book. In rejecting the book as evidence, the court inevitably reflected upon the ethics and reputation of the publisher.

Because of this, *SRL* feels that Mr. Reves is entitled to his full day before the court of public opinion. We have accepted his invitation to examine the manuscript and await his return from Europe, after which we hope to be able to report again to our readers.

N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIKING'S Portable Library is increasing steadily in variety, interest, and value, and will continue to do so as long as it can augment itself with such volumes as "The Portable Hawthorne," edited by Malcolm Cowley, and "The Portable Greek Reader," edited by W. H. Auden ($2 apiece). In each case the editor has made a discriminating selection from more or less familiar and famous material, and has freshly presented his findings in the light of his own critical understanding. Mr. Cowley has worked one New England field, from which he has gathered "The Scarlet Letter"; extracts from "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and "The Dolliver Romance"; thirteen tales, a batch of letters, and some fascinating pages from Hawthorne's notebooks. Introduction and editorial remarks concern a single writer. Mr. Auden, on the other hand, has ranged the centuries from Homer to Epictetus, from Hesoid to Galen, in order to draw upon epic poetry, tragedy and comedy, lyric poetry, philosophy, history, ethics, physics, mathematics, and medicine, and his introduction is concerned with nothing less than Greek civilization. The tasks to be done were as different as possible, but each has been well done, and both editors are worth listening to when they speak for themselves.

Mr. Cowley stresses Hawthorne's years of solitude, his unending duologue with himself, the dark fires which burned beneath the decorous surface of a man who believed himself in a sinful vessel (which burned at the core of an author whose prime problem was the existence of evil), and the marriage which brought him release, which enabled him to live in the world, but which towards the end made him "block off the source of his inspiration."

Mr. Auden follows a profitable line when he accents the differences between Greek cultural patterns and our own, between their ideals and ours. His examination of the several types of Greek hero is illuminating, and he accurately defines the Greeks' cultural achievement when he points to their diversity-in-unity as something not matched in history. But he convicts himself of wearing distorting spectacles, I think, when, after remarking that our great erotic myths are alien to Greek literature, he declares: "It is significant also—it might interest Plato though it would probably not surprise him—that the instances in real life which conform most closely to the original pattern of both myths are not, in either case, heterosexual; the Tristan and Isolde one actually meets are a Lesbian couple, the Don Juan a pederast."

Lucian is barred from the Auden anthology "for reasons of personal distaste," but the brilliant satirist has not been excluded from "Greek Literature in Translation" (Harper, $5), a far more massive volume than the Portable, originally edited by the late George Howe and G. A. Harrer, and now revised by Preston Herschel Epps, who has himself translated the "Agamemnon," Plato's "Crito," two passages from Thucydides, and some epigrams, and done so with a skill which makes his way of slipping them into this collection a miracle of modesty. I know of no other single book which contains as much Greek literature.

Hawthorne once lamented that he was incapable of writing the kind of story that he himself enjoyed, and said that the novels of Anthony Trollope ("just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting they were made a show of") precisely suited his taste. Now all good Trollopians may rejoice that one of the master's fattest yarns, "He Knew He Was Right"—the tragic history of a blasted marriage—is available as a World's Classics "Double" (Oxford, $2.45). And another addition to the same series, "The Real Charlotte" (Oxford, $2.45), will delight admirers of Somerville and Ross, and win new readers for the famous collaborators who had more strings to their bow than the one they drew when writing "Experiences of an Irish R. M."

Macmillan has just released four Dostoievsky novels in the Garnett translation: "Karamazov," "Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Possessed" ($2.50 each). . . . And two fine additions to Pocket Books (25¢) are "Shakespeare's Four Great Tragedies" and "Shakespeare's Four Great Comedies," with introductions drawn from Mark Van Doren's "Shakespeare."

BEN RAY REDMAN.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 25c per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 17c a word; 26 times, 19c a word; 13 times, 22c a word; 6 times, 24c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues 30c. Books Bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 83 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LIBRARIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) N.Y.C. REgent 7-4606.

FOREIGN ACCENT CAN BE LOST. 8-week courses, private instruction being offered in N.Y.C. Box 715-B.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 Street, N.Y.C.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

ANITA DIAMANT, THE WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC. Literary Agents, 28 years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references, 280 Madison Ave., at 40 St., N.Y.C. 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE. Established 1928. Intelligent, superior work. Prompt, personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 St., N.Y.C. LExington 2-4770.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewritting, marketing. Wide experiences. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Intelligent handling. Prompt, courteous service. GLADYS LEAHEY, 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 45 t., N.Y.C.

PLAYWRIGHTS — Join drama department in unique AUTHORS' Cooperative. Outstanding plays accepted for publication and possible production. Books on public affairs, fiction, children's books also wanted. Established seven years. International distribution. Members share publishing profits. ISLAND PRESS, 470 West 24 St., N.Y.C.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendation, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., N.Y.C. 18.

WRITING A BOOK, THESIS, SHORT STORY, PLAY, ARTICLE? Expert style-improving, revision, manuscript typing, secretarial services. Special attention to foreign writers. Top references. SARA CLYNE, 49 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. Circle 5-4262.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

MANUSCRIPT TYPING on IBM Electromatic. Up to 15 clear copies. IDA E. NETZER, 155 West 20 St., N.Y.C. Phones: CHelsea 2-3184, PLaza 8-0221.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book" Dept. 5. EXPOSITION PRESS, One Spruce St., N.Y.C. 7.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 81 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

SKILLED TYPIST will give wholehearted attention to your typing, mimeographing needs. Dictation at your convenience. HELEN JOHNSTON, Box 4712, San Francisco, Calif. Ordway 3-6639.

RESEARCH, GHOSTWRITING. Specialties, New Orleans, Southern material. RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, 5203 Danneel, New Orleans.

FREE CIRCULAR. Research, editorial, ghostwriting services. EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, 132 Nassau St., N.Y.C. 7. COrtlandt 7-0470.

WRITERS! Conscientious sales service for your book, short stories, articles, plays, television. Write today for FREE circular! DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 264 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 11.

LITERARY AGENT, stories, serials, books and plays marketed. R. R. FULLER, 211 East 62 St., N.Y.C.

NEW WRITERS. Mss. edited, rewritten, marketed. Suitable material published and nationally distributed. COSMOS PUBLISHING CO., 1535 N. Hudson, Hollywood, Calif.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. IRENE HERLOCKER, 6345 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

SOUTH AMERICAN WRITER needs literary agent for rewriting, marketing easy-selling love, revolution, crime stories on Latin ground, fiction and true. Lady preferred. MARTIN ARELLANO, Garaicoa, 1127 Guayaquil, Escuador, S.A.

CONSULT OUR GROUP OF EUROPEANS FOR TRANSLATIONS, literary and scientific, research and manuscript typing. American committee for EMIGRE SCHOLARS, WRITERS AND ARTISTS, 66 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

PROFESSIONAL HELP FOR NEW AND ESTABLISHED WRITERS. Large staff of distinguished writers and editors including William D. Allen, a former eader's Digest editor; Georgette Carneal, novelist Julie Herne, many years head of MGM play dept. Marie McCall, a former Paramount scenarist, Clara Stillman, biographer ("Samuel Butler"—Viking) etc., offer following services: critical analysis, rewrite, collaboration, editing and revision. General counsel and marketing advice for reasonable evaluation fee. Also ms. typing. Interviews by appointment. PROFESSIONAL WRITERS, 39 East 35 St., N.Y.C. Phone MUrray Hill 6-5584.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-1364.

EXPERT MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, dictation, research. Work called for, mailed. ELIZABETH ZEE, 140 East 52 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-4887.

TYPING — THESES, scientific manuscripts, form letters. Specifications: Elite, Pica types. N.Y.C. NEvins 8-7203.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED: accurate, intelligent handling. Also stenographic work. SYLVIA ERBER, N.Y.C. WAtkins 4-5461.

WRITING A BOOK? Need inexpensive, inspired, competent, mature assistance? Copy editing, research, indexing, typing. ALICE E. KLUTAS, 548 East 82 St., N.Y.C. 28. RHinelander 4-0277.

RESEARCH done at Library of Congress, Smithsonian, etc. Also Washingtoniana. MARJORIE KEITH, 3839 Rodman St., Washington 16, D. C.

MANUSCRIPTS QUICKLY, neatly, accurately typed. A. FINDLEY, R # 1, De Kalb, Illinois.

PSYCHO-THRILLERS, published or unpublished, demanded by French firm. Prompt decisions. Intelligent consideration. Address: EDITIONS DU SCORPION, 1 rue Lobineau, Paris VI.

RECORD MART

OPERATIC RECORDS—Send for catalogue listing thousands of rare Caruso, Galli-Curci, etc. Box 450-A.

COLLECTORS' PARADISE. Five decades of classic, vocals and instruments. Also unrivaled line of new classical records at regular list prices, including many hard-to-find. Store open until midnight. RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave., at 81 Street, N.Y.C. PLaza 9-7694.

MUSIC LOVERS! Paderachensteins! Rubiturbistowskis! If you love to play the piano for yourself, your family and friends, you'll enjoy our monthly publication. Write for information. MELODY MASTERS CLUB, 6174 Kingsbury Blvd., St. Louis 12, Mo.

PERSONALS

SPECIALIZED SERVICE CATERING to collectors of vocal records. Deletions available. State "wants." Mail orders only. RECORD COLLECTORS SERVICE, Room 1108, 8 West 40 St., N.Y.C. 18.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for efficient, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, N.Y.C. 67.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington Ave., Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. American (488 titles). 2. Fiction (1600 titles). 3. Medicine—Aviation—Music, etc. 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles). 6. Art (Fine & Applied).

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send for Catalogue 132, now ready, containing hundreds of interesting items on the Far East and Central Asia, including some rare, and many bargains. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 11 East 12 St., N.Y.C. 19.

BOOK BARGAINS. All classifications. Free catalog. BRIGUGLIO'S, 106 Jefferson St., Beckley, W. Va.

BOOKS ON ENGLISH. Inspiration, Novels, History. Many subjects. Free lists! RABOTTI SERVICE, 422-SR. 1133 Broadway, N.Y.C.

WE PURSUE elusive books. PARSONS BOOKSTORE SERVICE, 16310 Tarkington Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied. Send wants. CLIFTON'S, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. RALPH HEINEN, 909 Greenwood Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Wolfe, Hemingway, Dreiser, etc. Free catalogue. JACK POTTER, Bookseller, 100 E. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

UNUSUAL AND STRANGE BOOKS. Send 25c (coin) for catalog and private collectors list. RARE BOOK CO., Dept. "R," 1219½ North La Brea Ave., Hollywood 38, Calif.

SAVE TO 90%. New Books. Free 24kt gold personal name imprinted. Free catalogues. OBERSTEIN, 545 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, N.Y.C. 8.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book, we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann Street. Oldest old book shop in New York.

PERSONALS

GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE — settle in your easy chairs, open your copies of "Men Only" and enjoy this world famous monthly specially created by men—for men—about men. Britain's liviest writers and illustrators combine in an unbeatable team to bring you up-to-the-minute topicalities and witty articles in this richly "different" magazine. Items on sport, travel, dogs, horses, clothes, countryside, food, drink, tobacco and the girl next door, are all regularly included. Famous too for its beautiful photographic studies. Send only $4 for annual subscription (12 consecutive issues direct from London) to George Newnes, Ltd., U. S. Subscription Office (MO/8), 342 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

NEW ENGLAND LOVERS: Beautiful booklet "This Is New Hampshire," 75 photographs, including many in color suitable for framing. Send $1.00, New Hampshire Information Bureau, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.C. 20.

DO YOU WANT to complete your set of National Geographics? We can supply odd numbers, special numbers and volumes. Send us a list of your wants. (We also buy issues prior to 1910.) Box 43-B.

COSTUME JEWELRY. Any item repaired 50c—minimum order $1.00. Stones and parts extra. Send cash and insure. The Jewel-Crafters, Box 15-G.P.O. 1, N.Y.C.

CHEESE FIT FOR A KING! Phil Alpert's of course. Gourmets, our cheeses are ripened in a cellar and cut to your order. Write Dept. SRL 5, Alpert's Cheese Corner, 230 East 10 St., N.Y.C., for a list of 250 varieties.

CLASSIFIED

CARL SANDBURG at his Flat Rock Home (with pictures) as he finished "Rembrance Rock." Also secial lease on Thomas Wolfe's home town, profusely illustrated. All for $1 in year's subscription to The Southern Packet, 50 Walnut St., Asheville, N.C.

"TO SLEEP: Perchance to dream: Ay, there's the rub:" You were an optimist, Bill Shakespeare. No radios, no honking auto horns and other modern sleep preventives in your time. Well, we do sleep and dream when using "Flents Anti-Noise Ear Stopples"—Soothers for Snoozers, on the market since 1927. Trial box 25c. Flents Products Co., Inc. Dept. SR-18, 103 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

WEAN YOUR JUNIOR AWAY from those horrible "comics" with a bound volume of St. Nicholas. Charming periodical of yesteryear. Stories, puzzles, illustrations, etc. Bound volume, 6 issues, $6.75. Sample copy $1.50, postpaid. Also Youth's Companion, bound volume, 52 weekly issues $18.50. Five sample issues, $2.85, postpaid. Box 72-B.

ENTERPRISING YOUNG LADY, experienced news agency, radio publicity, programing scripts, widely traveled (Europe, Near & Far East, U.S.A.) speaks Spanish, French, Hebrew. Also knowledge of athletics, ballet desires interesting position with company of private individual where any of the above can be put to good use. N.Y.C. Box 706-B.

RARE OPPORTUNITY—young woman to buy lucrative bookshop midtown, N.Y.C. Box 707-B.

"DIRECT FROM LONDON TO YOUR ADDRESS — British Publications, Inc., can now fill subscriptions for all British magazines, trade papers, and technical journals. Prompt and regular deliveries, Air Editions overnight. Write for catalogue, listing over 1,000 periodicals, with rates in American Currency. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

FREE SHOWS, forums, movies, socials attract N.Y.C. professionals, students, businessmen every night. Annual guide details, write-phone only Cultural Research, Studio RL, Carnegie Hall, N.Y.C. ENdicott 2-2707.

DO YOU WANT to follow in the ethical and dietetical footsteps of those great vegetarians, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Pythagoras, Voltaire, Alexander Pope, Shelley, Gandhi, Thoreau? Free details. Box 75-B.

WINTER RENTAL, furnished, two bedrooms, two baths, 17th century studio, electric kitchen, oil heat. Box 309, Duxbury, Mass.

DAMSEL doing a Diogenes desires correspondence. Serious and frivolous interests. Box 793-B.

BEAUTIFUL MODEL T FORD FOR SALE. 1921 touring, run less than 12,000 miles, excellent condition, new tires, and top. A collectors item/or practical rural vehicle good for another 25 years. Best offer over $400 takes the car and it breaks my heart to part with it, as it has been in the family for years. Vrest Orton, Vermont Country Store, Weston, Vermont.

LONELY, vivacious femme invites letters from cultured, mature gentleman interested in music, art, literature. Not too deep. Not too narrow. Box 577-B.

QUERY TO YOUTHFUL AND CREATIVE females: What is a Schmoo? Please answer bewildered young man in philosophical, psychological and aesthetic terminology. Box 751-B.

SEEKING NEW HORIZON, young woman, vivacious, cultured, adaptable invites correspondence from gentleman of similar background. Box 752-B.

WOMAN CULTURED, charming personality, loves life, wholesome, attractive living, wishes correspond understanding mature man. Box 753-B.

SUNDAY BRUNCHERS! Tavern-on-the-Green in Central Park at West 67 Street serves a leisurely, luscious Brunch Sundays noon to three P.M. Inexpensive! For brunch parties Phone RHinelander 4-4700 for Special Attention.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal-Business assignments, representations undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

TALK FRENCH in three months. Idiomatic; beginners, advanced Parisian, N.Y.C. LExington 2-0521, weekdays.

COMPLETE RESEARCH SERVICES in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches 25 years experience. E. P. Hillpern, 10 East 78 St., N.Y.C.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING. Illuminated Medieval Pages. Minatures, music, breviary leaves; rich colors. Leaves from noted presses (not listed). Otto F. Ege Collection. Three to one hundred dollars. Catalog. Staff, Public Library, Lima, Ohio.

(*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

SAVE $1.25! Order your copy of the New, Twelfth Edition of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations today! Edited by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett. More pages, more quotations. New Material from Kipling down to date. Additional quotations from famous names of the past decade in politics, literature, and the arts. Preferred by all readers and writers, for reference and reading. Order this unparalleled source book—for yourself and for an unexcelled gift book—TODAY! Any bookstore will be glad to take your order at the special pre-publication price of $6.75. (On November 8th price becomes $8.00.) Order NOW and save $1.25.

WANTED: Inexpensive painting (oil or water) of White Horse. Suggestions? Box 754-B.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special weekend rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, $.93; Fancy Flowery Ceylon, $1.10; Assam, $1.08; English Breakfast, $.75; Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $1.03; Formosa Oolong, $.98; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan, $.80; Uncolored B. F. Japan, $.80; Pinhead Gunpowder, $.88; Young Hyson, $.93. Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 136 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

WHAT ARE YOUR DESIRES in Westernwear, Sportswear, and heavy Northwoods Woolens? Let us help you. Agents for nationally advertised brands of men's haberdashery and westernwear. Shopping Service, The Man's Shop, Molalla, Oregon.

SCRUMPTIOUS FISHER COMBINATION ("Rolls-Royce of Radio") needs new owner so present one can attend medical school. Attractive price. Box 755-B.

YOUNG ENTERPRISING MALE, graduate: college and business school, some experience, varied interests including the Arts, desires position holding promise for future. Box 776-B.

QUIET, young bachelor covets your NW-Washington, D. C., apartment furnished or unfurnished. Box 777-B.

IS THERE SOMEONE somewhere who can use a sensitive, alert young man with an excellent education, broad interests and a desire to do stimulating work? Box 778-B.

OCCUPATION WANTED: Registered nurse interested as a traveling companion. Will furnish recommendation and interview upon request. Box 779-B.

TIRED OF THE FRENZIED PRESENT? Escape quietly in the pages of Ladies Home Journal of 50 odd-years ago. Romantic stories. Unique illustrations. Quaint advertisements. Fashions of yesteryear. Also wonderful gift for mother. Single copy, $1.75; 5 copies, $7.00; 10 copies, $11.00 postpaid. Box 850-B.

ENJOY YOUR PIANO AGAIN! Ten-lesson Refresher Course —$10. First lesson—$2. Brush Up. Unusual gift. Forjedor Publishing Co., Box 103, College Park Sta., Detroit 21, Mich.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 5 cartons; postpaid. Send check or money order. King Co., Box 569-C, Dover, Delaware.

ARTISTS AND WRITERS. Enjoy autumn! glory in the Catskills, attractive modern home, 100 miles from N.Y.C. $5.00 a day, room and meals. Write Harriet R. Smith, Grahamsville, New York.

YOUNG WOMAN statistician flying from Hawaii to Philadelphia about Oct. 25 and returning Nov. 25, will execute commissions. Box 781-B.

INTERESTED SERIOUS MALE invites not-too-serious vivacious female to correspond. Box 782-B.

MIRACLES OF MENTAL ACTION. Amazing facts. Price $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Scientific Information Service, 2259 N Houghton Ave., N.Y.C. 61.

GENTLEMAN wishes to correspond with interesting female. Box 780-B.

UNCONCERNED WITH MODERN DILEMMAS, young man seeks employment which will develop knowledge of any period of genuine artistic achievements. College graduate, active, willing. N.Y.C. Box 783-B.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on individual gummed labels. 300 for $1.50. Box 979-K.

HIGHLY QUALIFIED AUTHOR'S, historian's assistant wishes position requiring skilful editing, research, indexing. Accurate, intelligent, cultivated. Box 784-B.

PERSONALS

PERSONABLE WOMAN concerned problems of problem kids invites correspondence vital male teacher, doctor, or social worker, similarly interested. Box 785-B.

VETERAN craves job radio station, go anywhere, write, act, announce. Plenty initiative. Educated England. Box 786-B.

DIRECTOR FOR GIRLS' HOME in Virginia needed with professional training. Small agency, challenging position. Paid vacation, regional institutes, salary dependent upon qualifications, M.S.W. equivalent, plus case work experience. Box 787-B.

GIFTS; Exclusive imports from Italy; exquisite Florentine leather and Baroque carved boxes. Majolica jugs and trays, linens, etc.; moderately priced. AMBA, 333 Fourth Ave., 3rd floor. Phone ORchard 4-0099.

SECRETARY-COLLEGE GRADUATE. Printing and publishing background. Desires responsible position with New York publishing house or publication. Box 788-B.

ATTRACTIVE, refined woman, splendid housekeeper, can type, desires position in country gentleman's home. Box 789-B.

HOUSE HUNTING? Like clean air, picturesque harbor, spacious beaches, good year-round living? Our specialty: homes with charm, individuality. Currently: 4 room ranch —style, fireplace, huge window facing flagstone terrace, private road near water, north shore, $18,500. Others. L.V.V. Sweezy & Son, Inc., Northport, Long Island, Tel. 212.

STENOGRAPHER-TYPIST, young woman, wishes to do part-time work evenings, weekends. TR. 3-3888. N.Y.C.

YOUNG SOUTH AFRICAN MALE, 24 (arrived recently), with limitless energy but only $1,600 seeks any job, partnership. Can type, fly, chop wood, write article story, ride horse, be tactful, sensitive, or militant. Offers—within earshot of almost universal paresis — sincerity. Box 790-B.

GIRL FRIDAY, 27, attractive, capable, considerable secretarial-steno experience, wants interesting, responsible position. N.Y.C. Box 791-B.

GENTLEMAN interested in letter-writing, stage plays invites feminine correspondence. Box 792-B.

BACHELOR GIRL, professional, appealing, with yen for broader horizon, desires correspondence with discerning gentlemen of varied interests, wholesome values. Box 592-B.

PROXY MOTHER, matron 38, cultured, private school education, excellent with children, accomplished housekeeper, wishes position either supervising children and servants or as governess in refined home. N.Y.C. fall. References exchanged. Box 130-B.

DESPERATE BACHELOR PSYCHIATRIST needs small Manhattan, N.Y.C. apartment, fireplace not necessary. November 1. Box 794-B.

INTERESTED IN BUYING COOKBOOKS, good condition. Postmart, 260 East 78 St., N.Y.C. 21.

ATTENTION TROLLOPIANS: Complete index of all Trollope characters, placenames, plot digests, 9 delightful maps, in Guide to Trollope by Winifred and James Gerould. Five dollars at your bookstore. Princeton University Press.

MATURE, urbane woman, wistfully adventurous wishes correspondence with sensitive, thoughtful, quite mature gentleman, with affluent sense of humor. Box 795-B.

WILL MATURE MALE, liberal, educated, convivial, write to lively female, now lonely? Box 796-B.

YOUNG MAN, mystically inclined desires correspondence with lady without prejudice. Box 797-B.

BREEZY, frank and mettlesome feminine correspondence welcomed by amiable male. Box 798-B.

HAS ANYONE EVER been cured of asthma? Sufferer invites correspondence. Box 799-B.

GAL, varied interests: humorous, partial invalid; invites kindred correspondence, mature. Box 809-B.

HI GALS! Hard-working idea guy wants relaxation and feminine companionship via sprightly correspondence. Box 801-B.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE of thespis? Revel in the pages of Theatre and Stage Magazine. Replete with wonderful photographic illustrations of the success 1900-1939. Single copy, $2.00; 5 copies, $8.75; 10 copies, $15.00 postpaid. Box 74-B.

BRILLIANT COLLEGE STUDENT seeks spiritual support through correspondence with mature woman. Box 803-B.

PERSONALS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—gainfully employed here at home, prefers be at home abroad. Wide experience; particularly France. Box 804-B.

MAN IN THIRTIES, British Public School Background; travelled, languages, musical and literary interests seeks position as secretary, companion. Salary secondary to agreeable employment. Box 806-B.

WRITER-EDITOR—Consequential non-fiction projects. Fee. Nothing trivial please! Box 807-B. TRafalgar 4-1422.

DESPERATE YOUNG ARTIST, wife desire rent-free loft N.Y.C. to continue study painting. Box 808-B.

JOB-GETTING LETTERS—For Outline of What to Write—mail $1. MATILDA ROGERS, Job Resumé Specialist, 240 West 73 St., N.Y.C. 23.

VISITING PROFESSOR AND WIFE need furnished apartment convenient Washington Square, N.Y.C. Box 810-B.

LADY, artist, wishes transportation, entertainment, suburbs N.Y.C. exchange portrait, landscape, flowers. Box 811-B.

VACATIONS

PINECREST—West Cornwall, Conn., a delightful adult resort specializing in fine food $19 and $10 per day. Phone Cornwall 89W3 or write Diana & Abe Berman.

YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals, inexpensive North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

APPLE HILL farmstead, built 1762, again offers warm informality, modern conveniences. From $140 monthly inclusive. Special rates: writers, artists, couples. Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

LANIER (on the Piscataqua) Eliot, Maine. Food, lodging, gardens, pines, salt-river beach.

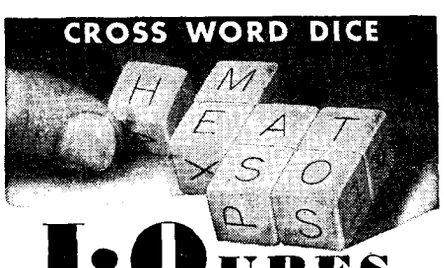
DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come see for yourself. Accommodates 55, 29th season. Rates, $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.

BOOKS, MUSIC, CREATIVE ATMOSPHERE amidst rugged frontier country. Old Mexico trips. Wonderful food. Low summer rates. SUN CIRCLE RANCH, Tuscon, Arizona.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. ALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida.

SPEND your late vacation in VERMONT. Private house. French cuisine. Beautiful view, fireplace, books, records, all comfort $8.00 day. $52. week. Box 590-B.

HANDSOME HOMESPUN APARTMENTS, cottages in lovely flower-filled Cernavaca. No summer; no winter. $42 to $330 monthly, furnished. BELDIN GALLERIES, Salinas 14-s, Cuernavaca, Mexico.



I·QUBES

EXCITING NEW GAME FOR PUZZLE FANS

More fun than a barrel of puzzles! Seven dice, lettered in red and black — all in a compact leather case. Master the simple rules. Then—let 'em roll! Now see how many crosswords you can make. One person can play—or a roomful. It's fascinating at parties, at home, travelling—anywhere! Get I-Qubes at your favorite store, or send $2.50 to sole distributors, M. Wille, Inc., Dept. R-1, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Dealer inquiries invited.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 760

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

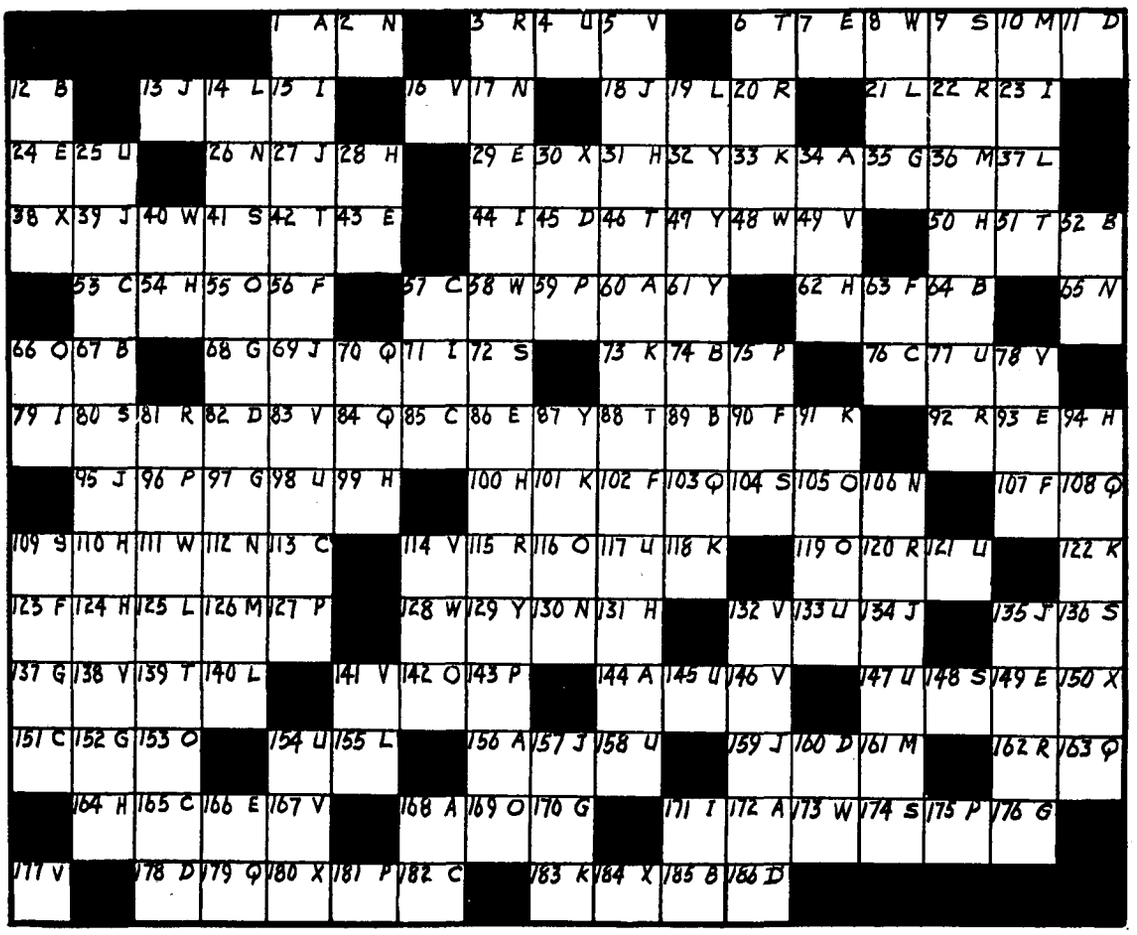
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English diplomat for whom Bacon wrote his essay "Of Friendship" and who translated Bacon's essays into Italian, 1618.	172 144 156 168 34 60 1
B. Hungarian composer in U.S. of light operas, "Student Prince," "Blossom Time," etc.	64 74 185 89 67 52 12
C. Great slugger in the Yankees' baseball team (American League).	182 165 57 76 53 113 151 85
D. Wild ass of Asia.	82 11 45 178 186 160
E. Roman schoolmaster noted for flogging; teacher of Horace.	24 86 29 149 166 7 93 43
F. American writer (1876-1916; "The Strength of the Strong," etc.).	90 63 107 56 102 123
G. Exposed to capture (chess).	176 152 97 137 35 68 170
H. The ecliptic (astron.; 4 wds.).	99 54 100 28 50 62 94 110 31 124 164 131
I. To happen unexpectedly (2 wds.).	15 171 71 23 79 44
J. A confused mixture.	157 39 134 135 95 69 13 18 159 27
K. The same as an outline "stitch" in needlework.	91 118 33 73 122 101 183
L. A former manager of the Yankees (Baseball Hall of Fame).	19 14 37 140 125 155 21
M. Composer, leader of modern French School, pupil of César Franck (1851-1931; with "d'").	10 36 126 161

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Known as "father of American map making" (1846-1914).	106 130 17 112 2 26 65
O. American industrialist and diplomat (1863-1941; ambassador to Great Britain, 1925-29).	169 116 142 153 66 119 55 105
P. An applicant for admission.	127 181 75 175 96 59 143
Q. A race to establish the winner among oarsmen in a dead heat (comp.).	179 70 103 108 84 163
R. Kind of Oriental slipper without heels or quarters.	92 3 115 162 22 81 120 20
S. The wearing down, as of resources, by continual slight impairments.	136 9 72 41 174 109 104 148 80
T. Popular American evangelist (1863-1935).	6 51 139 42 88 46
U. In broad or open day (Fr. phrase; 3 wds.).	121 25 98 145 158 154 77 147 133 117 4
V. Agent or agency that soothes, relieves, or heals (Bib. origin; 3 wds.).	141 114 146 83 138 132 49 16 167 5 177 78
W. To equip; fit out.	40 173 128 58 111 48 8
X. Father of Leah and Rachel (Bib.).	30 180 38 184 150
Y. Those not of a certain profession, as distinct from those belonging to it (with "the").	129 32 47 87 61

DIRECTIONS

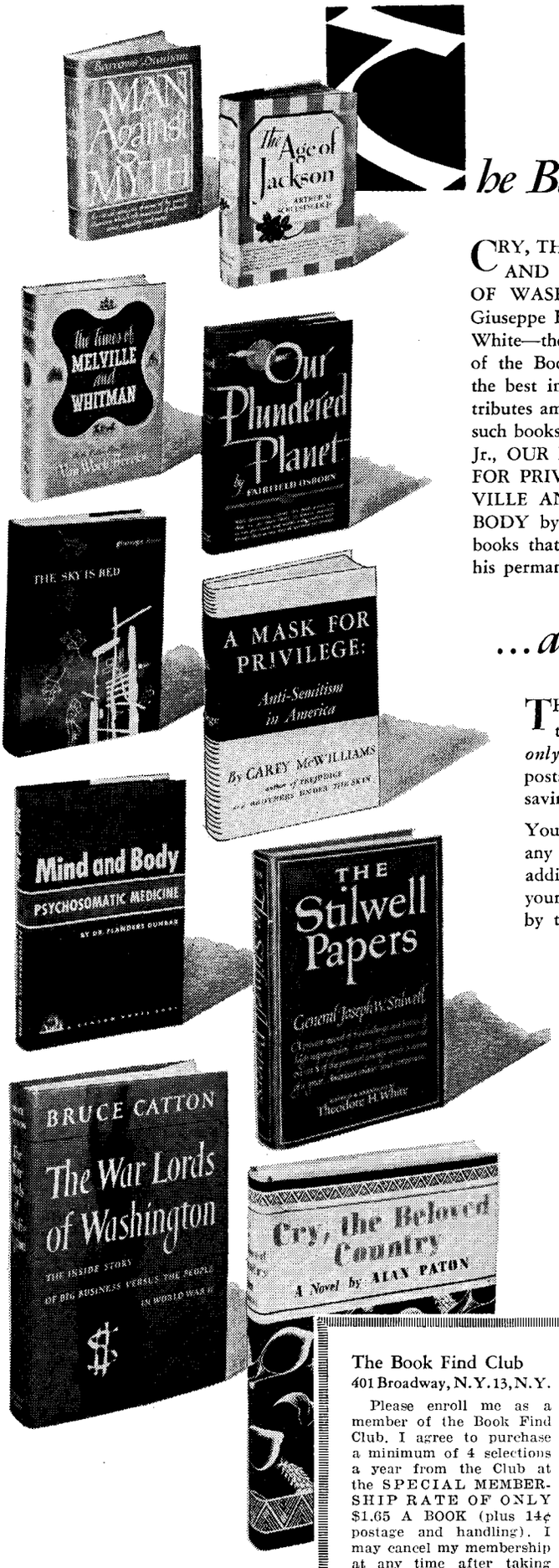
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 21 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



he Best in Fiction and Non-fiction...

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY by Alan Paton, THE NAKED AND THE DEAD by Norman Mailer, THE WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON by Bruce Catton, THE SKY IS RED by Giuseppe Berto, THE STILWELL PAPERS edited by Theodore H. White—these are some of the notable current and recent selections of the Book Find Club. They are representative of the books—the best in fiction and non-fiction—that the Book Find Club distributes among its more than 50,000 members month after month—such books as THE AGE OF JACKSON by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., OUR PLUNDERED PLANET by Fairfield Osborn, A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE by Carey McWilliams, THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN by Van Wyck Brooks, MIND AND BODY by Dr. Flanders Dunbar, and many others. They are all books that every intelligent reader wants to read and to keep for his permanent library.

...and at Big Savings to You!

THE publishers' list prices of these selections range from $2.50 to $5.00, but as a member of the Book Find Club you pay *only the regular membership price of $1.65 a book* (plus 14¢ postage and handling charge). Actually, this represents an average saving in your book purchases of more than 50 percent.

You can start your membership in the Book Find Club now with any one of the distinguished selections pictured on the left. In addition, as a new member you may choose a FREE book, as your new membership gift, from a list of selections supplied by the Club.

Join The Book Find Club Now

Membership is very simple. There are no fees or dues. You pay only for the books you accept. Each month the *Book Find News* is mailed to you free. It reviews the forthcoming selection and contains other literary articles of interest to book lovers. If you want the selection you merely let it come. If not, you return the printed form (furnished by us) which tells us not to send the selection. Your only obligation as a member is to accept as few as four books a year. Since it is almost certain that you read at least four Book Find Club selections during the year anyway, why not get them from the Club at the tremendous savings we are able to effect through our large printing orders.

Fill in the Coupon at Right...

The Book Find Club
401 Broadway, N.Y.13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club. I agree to purchase a minimum of 4 selections a year from the Club at the SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP RATE OF ONLY $1.65 A BOOK (plus 14¢ postage and handling). I may cancel my membership at any time after taking four selections.

Please Send Me As My First Selection

.....

Also send me the list from which I may select my FREE gift book for joining the Club.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Prices slightly higher in Canada) SRL-M4

...Mail Today

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED